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The Shape of Things

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES LAST WEEK gave the United States a swift kick down the road to catastrophe. While the public watched apathetically and its spokesmen murmured ineffectual protest, the gentlemen of the House acted to make impossible any further attempt at holding down the cost of living. They killed price control and killed it deliberately; one has only to read Tris Coffin's report elsewhere in this issue, or the *Congressional Record* itself, to establish that beyond all doubt. Speaker after speaker urged, in so many words, that the country go whooping off on an immediate spiral of inflation which, they explained, would soon "level off" nicely. We respectfully submit that a synonym for "level off" is collapse, and that at the end of a brief waltz down the garden path of unchecked profits lies the worst depression we have ever known. If inflation is the only means to full production, then we are better off with scarcity. But it is not the only means. Let these industrialists and merchants remember that they won the promise of post-war tax rebates to cover precisely this period of reconversion. Let them listen to their own contentions that increasing production will make present price levels adequate in a matter of months. By refusing to accept the most decisive challenge our private-enterprise system has ever faced, they—and not the critics of capitalism—are condemning private enterprise.

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THAT OUR ALLEGED REPRESENTATIVES IN Congress would wilfully choose this disastrous course is monstrous enough, but not half so shocking as the way in which they have knuckled under to the high-priced, high-pressure N. A. M. lobbying compaign and let their constituents go whistle. Every sampling of public opinion to date has shown the American people overwhelmingly in favor of continued price control. The strength of that opinion must be brought to bear fast. As this is written there is still a desperate chance that the Senate may come to its senses and repair the damage; but it is only a fighting chance. There is one thing and one thing only that can stave off the "joyride to disaster": a swift uprising on the part of the victims—an indignant and forceful reaction from labor groups, veteran groups, consumer groups, and all the millions of individuals whose voices Congressmen so seldom hear. It is impossible to exaggerate the peril confronting us. We are in a moment of crisis, and such a moment is not a time for apathy. It is a time for outspoken anger and immediate action.

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THE ELEVENTH-HOUR ACTION ON FAMINE taken by the government of the United States, in consultation with the governments of the United Kingdom and Canada, may go far to meet the most desperate needs of the 150,000,000 persons who, according to Mr. Hoover, are completely dependent on overseas supplies of food. Secretary Anderson's program setting aside 25 per cent of the wheat normally going into domestic consumption and in other ways making available additional supplies of wheat, corn, and oatmeal for shipment abroad ends the period of terrible fumbling and hesitation. Much credit must go to UNRRA Director La-Guardia for introducing a new note of realism into American food policy. The program to be successful requires the utmost in voluntary cooperation from all citizens. Mr. Truman's proposal for two days a week on a European diet is a good one, and the national health will probably benefit. Restaurants should do their share by keeping off the menu, say on Tuesdays and Fridays, items containing flour, meat, or fats in any quantity. Housewives could plan their week's meals on a similar schedule. We are still convinced, however, that these voluntary methods are no substitute for rationing but rather emergency measures to meet the immediate crisis. All reports based on a knowledge of world food requirements and world food supplies prove that it will be years before large sections of the world's population have enough to eat. That means it will be our continuing responsibility as a great food producer to ship to the areas of most acute want a surplus beyond carefully calculated needs. If this export of food is to be at a maximum and if the sacrifice of home consumers is to be fairly divided, then rationing is called for. The President should take the first steps now to set up an effective system. Meanwhile, it would do no harm for citizens to inform their Congressmen that, in this year of grace 1946, world-mindedness is in style.

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· IN THIS ISSUE ·

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things 493
Marshall Starts Again 496
Extending the Draft 497

ARTICLES

Spain's Via Dolorosa *by I. F. Stone* 498
Murder by Amendment *by Tris Coffin* 500
Justice on a Drumhead *by Maurice Rosenblatt* 501
Germany: Political Battleground *by Fritz Sternberg* 504
U. N. from Pillar to Post *by Frederick Gutheim* 506
The Farmer's Job *by James Hearst* 508
The People's Front *by Del Vayo* 509

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Unemployed Intelligence *by Albert Guérard* 510
Housing Headaches *by Charles Abrams* 511
Briefer Comment 512
Fiction in Review *by Diana Trilling* 514
Films *by James Agee* 516
Records *by B. H. Haggin* 517

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR 518

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 158 *by Jack Barrett* 519

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EUROPE'S MENACING FAMINE MAY BECOME an important factor in the battle for the political control of the continent. Already a contrast exists between the secure if meager standard of living in the Russian zone of Germany and the threat of starvation in the western zones. American editors in Germany are correctly deducing that such a contrast, sharpening over the months, will produce political results which neither propaganda nor the strong-arm methods employed in the recent Communist-Socialist merger in the Russian zone could accomplish. We believe that the interests of the world would not be served by a Soviet-dominated Europe any more than they would be served by a reactionary "Western bloc." And for that reason we feel that the crucial question to be faced without delay is: How can democracy in Western Europe be rebuilt on a secure economic base? Or to put it another way: What are the means of establishing an economic order that will sustain a free society? Central in this question is the problem of Germany. And it is apparent that the problem of Germany can no longer be stated in the simple terms of denazification or deindustrialization. It is not that we should cease to be concerned over a possible revival of Nazism: it is rather that that danger can be most effectively met by rebuilding Western democracy. But it is equally clear that to attempt to reconstitute the pre-war status in Germany is to invite disaster. A secure German economy will call for large measures of socialist planning. Such measures must be initiated by the occupying powers—as the British seem to have done in connection with the Ruhr mines in their zone—but they must have continuing support from the democratic political forces of the left. The strengthening of these forces should be a major concern of Military Government. The editors call particular attention to the discussion of these crucial problems contained in Fritz Sternberg's article, "Germany: Europe's Political Battleground" on another page of this issue.

*

FIRMLY REBUKING GROMYKO'S UNSEEMLY suggestion that the Security Council should meet last Friday, the new chairman, Hafez Afifi Pasha, declared a four-day recess, thus protecting all possible religious susceptibilities and stretching to the outer limits a fine, sunny Easter week-end. The delegates dispersed, mostly to the countryside, but it is to be hoped that they permitted themselves a little pious brainwork. There was plenty to think about in the two issues the adjournment left suspended. First in order of precedence was the question raised by Secretary General Lie as to the authority of the Council to keep the Iran dispute on the agenda after both parties had declared it settled and requested that it be dropped. Mr. Lie's memorandum was important both because it established his intention to intervene actively in Council affairs and because it proposed a legal precedent of far-reaching effects. Even

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before adjournment, however, the committee of experts to which the matter was referred reported negatively on Lie's suggestion, dividing exactly as the Council had divided on the Iran issue itself; and it was clear that the Council would follow the same course when it reassembled this Tuesday. That the Council showed no interest in anything but the immediate political effect of Mr. Lie's opinion is another unhappy sign that national affinities and hates are stronger than law or reason or ordinary common sense.

*

THE OTHER ISSUE CARTED OFF BY THE delegates for the week-end was what to do about Franco. Dr. Lange's demand that the Council apply diplomatic sanctions to Spain would certainly have been vetoed by Britain had it gone to a vote. The cold and disingenuous answer of Sir Alexander Cadogan gave no hint of retreat from the position adopted by the Foreign Office in 1936. In this situation the Australian demand for an investigation seemed a welcome way out; it prevented an immediate veto and made possible further exposure of the facts and further marshaling of world opinion. But it is a dangerous expedient just the same, chiefly because it allows latitude for endless maneuvers behind the international scenes. On the other side, however, is Franco's increasing complacency as he watches British-American efforts to avoid taking action against him. If only he decides to sit tight and await events, some good may come of an investigation. Australia's Foreign Minister, Dr. Evatt, now in London, should chair the five-man committee of inquiry, and it should include, without question, a representative of Poland. It should take evidence in Europe; and if it hears Franco's side it must hear the Republicans as well. Above all it must be given power to subpoena documents in possession of the Allied governments, especially those still carefully concealed in the files of the Department of State.

*

TO THE OPENLY EXPRESSED ANNOYANCE OF War Department officials, the public has got wind of a startling report made to the House Military Affairs Committee by a subcommittee that has been investigating the army's ancient court-martial system. The chagrin of the Department is easily understood in the light of the subcommittee's introductory observations. Basically, it points out, our military law is "virtually a transcript of the Roman articles of war," slightly modernized by Sweden's King Gustavus Adolphus in 1621, further modified in 1920, but still badly in need of revision. Elsewhere in this issue Maurice Rosenblatt lays bare the discriminatory nature of the court-martial system, which dooms enlisted men to drastic punishment for the mildest cases of disobedience but subjects officers merely to reprimand for any other crime except murder, rape, black market profiteering and cheating at cards, which is conduct unbecoming an officer. Astonishingly Mr. Rosenblatt's recommendations, with the exception of extending habeas corpus to the armed forces, are all included in the subcommittee's excellent report—even to creating a civilian-controlled Judge Advocate General's office, independent of the chain of command, and providing for a quota of enlisted men to sit co-equally with officers in court-martial cases. Unfortunately these proposals are still merely the confidential recommendations of a subcommittee whose report leaked out to the New York *Times*. They will have rough going in the full committee, whose chairman, Representative May, has never yet been known to antagonize the War Department.

*

THE COAL STRIKE HAS BECOME THE PRIMARY obstacle to all-out production of the consumer goods for which the country has waited so long and so impatiently. Unless John L. Lewis and the operators reach an agreement within the next week, which appears unlikely, scores of industrial plants throughout the country will be forced to close or curtail their operations. The steel industry in the Pittsburg area has already been cut back to less than half of capacity, and some curtailment in railway operations is in prospect. Automobile assembly lines are being closed down by the lack of steel. The chief obstacle to an early settlement grows out of Lewis's apparent determination to win more substantial concessions than have been won by any of the C. I. O. unions. Since this would involve a breaking of the recently established price-wage line, it is a matter of grave public concern. Lewis's demand for a company-supported health and welfare fund to be controlled by the union likewise raises issues of long-range significance. Since both Lewis and the operators have shown themselves to be tough bargainers in the past, with relatively little concern for the public interest, immediate and aggressive government intervention is clearly called for.

*

COMPLETELY UNAFRAID OF THE CHARRED remains of Adolf Hitler, President-elect Juan D. Perón and the Argentine government are still engaged in the war against Nazism which they have been waging week in and week out now for nearly a month. Charging ahead of his troops in the Battle of Buenos Aires, Perón last week called Hitler "a brown beast" and placed his country squarely "at the side of those who defended the principles of justice, liberty, and honor" against this newly discovered menace and his "servile quislings." At the same time Foreign Minister Juan Isaac Cooke deprecated the American State Department's Blue Book on Argentina in a mild reply that wound up with a tribute to "the great President Roosevelt." It wasn't true that Argentina coddled Hitler agents throughout the war, Cooke said, or that it was "favorable to totalitarian powers." And besides, even if it were true, "these facts

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were purged by later juridical acts," such as signing the Act of Chapultepec—not to mention violating it—and joining the United Nations. In an isolated burst of contrition Cooke admitted that his country's neutrality until V-Day Minus One "can be considered a mistake from an Argentine point of view." The reply to the Blue Book, coupled with Perón's gallant charge on Hitler, can be taken as a token of Argentina's earnest desire to come to terms with the United States—or it can be accepted simply as the policy of a shrewd demagogue who finds himself in a perfect position to play both sides against the middle. Under the jaundiced eye of a hostile United States he has come to power in Argentina; with the blessing of the American government, should it allow itself to be swayed by such moonshine, he might easily extend that power throughout South America. That's how the "brown beast" got along.

*

THE DEATH OF LORD KEYNES AT THE FAR too early age of 62 is a sad loss not only for his native land but for the world. In one sense, perhaps, his work was done: his contribution to economic theory has been as fertilizing an influence for our time as Adam Smith's was for the industrial revolution. His "The General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money," published only ten years ago has already become a classic. Its basic ideas have been accepted by almost all the younger British and American economists and have been influential even in the dwindling ranks that still defend *laissez faire*. They are the foundations on which post-war planning in many countries is being built. But Keynes was not only a theorist, he was also a practical economic statesman with a wide experince gained as advisor to the British Treasury in two wars. His mature wisdom, which found its finest expression in his great speech defending the Anglo-American Financial Agreement last December, would have been invaluable in meeting the complex problems of trade and employment with which the world must grapple in the years ahead. From that point of view he has died just when his great gifts were most needed. We hope to publish soon an appreciation of him as a man and an economist by one of his British colleagues.

Marshall Starts Again

FOR the second time within five months General Marshall has taken up the task of trying to avoid all-out civil war in China. The promising achievements of his first trip have largely been lost in a renewed outbreak of charges, counter-charges, repudiation of solemn agreements, and actual civil strife between the rival political parties. Public attention has been centered chiefly on the situation in Manchuria, where a shooting war has been under way since the day of Marshall's departure for the United States. But the most ominous news has come from Chungking, where several of the most important clauses in the political and military agreements arrived at earlier in the year have been repudiated by the Kuomintang. All efforts to reach a new understanding have failed.

Obviously, this new Chinese crisis has not arisen merely because General Marshall was forced to leave the country for a brief trip to Washington. His personal influence on the leaders of all political groups is immense, and his absence has been sorely felt, particularly in the operation of the truce teams which were supposed to stop the actual fighting; but at the same time it must be recognized that the political basis of the unity agreements has been severely shaken by three significant developments which he could not have prevented. These are (1) growing tension in Soviet-American relations, (2) a consequent strengthening of the right wing within the Kuomintang, and (3) Russia's withdrawal from Manchuria. Under right-wing pressure the central executive committee of the Kuomintang has been seeking a change in the proposed constitution that would make the Cabinet responsible to the Chief Executive rather than to the legislature. A sharp dispute has also arisen over the apportionment of seats on the State Council and Cabinet. The inability of the truce teams to check the civil strife in Manchuria may be attributed in part to the Communists' dissatisfaction with the course of events in Chungking and a desire to increase their bargaining power, in part to the government's delay in notifying its commanders of the cease-fire order, and in part to the bitterness of the local guerrilla units over the Kuomintang's use of former Japanese puppet troops. The troops which have been holding out in Changchun, for example, were only a few months ago engaged in "extermination campaigns," under Japanese auspices, against the partisan units which are on the offensive. The leaders of these former puppet forces are for the most part minor war lords who accept Chungking authority only when it is convenient for them to do so. Their failure to cooperate with the truce teams is understandable.

Despite the many difficulties which confront him, most observers, foreign and Chinese alike, expect General Marshall to succeed. The difficulties are certainly no greater than they were five months ago, and necessity for averting war is just as compelling. With 30,000,000 Chinese facing starvation, civil war at this time is unthinkable although it will not be avoided for that reason alone. Official and unofficial pronouncements from all the chief political groups indicate that none of them want war. Only the extreme right wing of the Kuomintang—which faces a serious loss of prestige and authority—appears to oppose a settlement, and its chance of enlisting mass support for a nationalist crusade was lost when the Soviets began to evacuate Manchuria. Such right wing groups as the C. C. clique and General Ho Ying-chin remain powerful within the Kuomintang, but

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without the promises of American financial and military aid such as those they received from General Hurley they dare not force a showdown with the Communists and other opposition groups. China is desperately in need of American assistance, and if General Marshall continues to insist on a unified democratic government as condition for such aid, there is reason to believe that differences, acute though they may be, can still be resolved.

Extending the Draft

BETWEEN the "blind and congenital stupidity" of the military, to borrow the indelicately apt phrasing of Senator Johnson of Colorado, and the political craveness of the present House of Representatives, the army's man-power policies have been ground to a meaningless pulp. Ever since the war ended, the generals have been putting out doctored figures on their requirements, contradicting themselves every hour on the hour, and in general attempting to outsmart Congress rather than to lay a reasoned case before the people. The gentlemen of the Lower House, for their part, have sidestepped the dilemma of either extending the unpopular draft or taking responsibility for the possible failure of the United States to live up to its military commitments. Their solution was to "extend" the draft until the middle of next February, subject to an immediate five-month draft holiday. On October 15, two weeks before the elections, the President would be authorized to decide whether or not to draft during the remaining four months of the extension. It remains for the Senate now to repudiate this shabby political move and come up with a responsible policy.

Aside from political considerations, the question of continuing the draft is admittedly complex. If it were a matter of permanent peace-time conscription, we would be opposed without qualification. The public-welfare arguments advanced in favor of a peace-time draft—its allegedly beneficent effects on the health, morale, and social outlook of the country's young men—are completely spurious, as anyone who has ever spent a month in an army camp can testify. Armies have only one purpose and that purpose is strictly military. They may be a necessary evil in a highly imperfect world, but there is no point in pretending that they have anything to do with making decent citizens, raising the national I. Q., or in any way promoting the better life.

Unfortunately, however, purely military considerations are still with us, and the issue at the moment is not one of peace-time conscription. The issue is whether or not we will finish the war. In undertaking a struggle against fascism we committed ourselves to more than the forcing of an Axis surrender. Occupation of the enemy countries will continue to be vitally essential for years to come if we are to make the victory stick, and that will take manpower.

It does not necessarily follow that the needed forces can only be secured by extending the draft, or even that a conscripted army is suited for occupation duties. On the contrary, the extremely bad showing that our forces have made since the fighting stopped indicates clearly that men who are willing to make any sacrifice to beat the enemy in the field are bitterly resentful at having to police him as well. The high esprit of the armed forces vanished when the fighting was done, and the miracle armies that overran Europe degenerated overnight to sullen collections of stranded G. I.'s. Thousands of them plunged into black-marketing, and other thousands became an easy prey to subtle German propaganda. The task of policing in a political war calls for a psychological approach that no one has a right to expect from men drafted indiscriminately and for a totally different function. It is clearly a job for a volunteer corps, small in size, mobile and well equipped, and trained for the purpose.

This is where the military imagination bogged down completely. Throughout the war it trained picked volunteers for airborne duties, submarine warfare, and other specialized branches of service, but it failed utterly to train a picked force for the occupation. As a result it now camps on the doorstep of Congress, brass hat in hand, begging for replacements.

Regardless of past mistakes, we agree that those replacements must be provided, especially to relieve men who have long since been entitled to their discharge. But we hope the Senate, unlike the House, will get at the heart of the matter and concern itself with policy rather than politics. Specifically, we would like to see it take three steps: (1) call on General Eisenhower for a clear and definitive statement of the army's manpower requirements in each of the theaters of occupation, an estimate not to be subject to contradictions the following week from General MacArthur, General Hershey, or Colonel McCormick; (2) vote to extend the draft for a fixed period, with exemptions for men under twenty and for fathers, but with no holiday and no tricky election deadline; (3) direct the War Department to get down to cases in its lagging campaign to raise an enlisted army. Thanks less to the efforts of the army's recruiting personnel than to unemployment among veterans, lack of housing, and a general inability to face civilian life, nearly 600,000 men have enlisted since last October. With a determined recruiting effort, with pay increases for enlisted men, and, above all, with a genuine will to eliminate the unnecessary stupidities of the caste system, a volunteer army can unquestionably be built up, with every advantage over a conscripted force—technical, moral, and political.

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OSCAR BERGER VISITS

Spain's Via Dolorosa

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, April 21

IN HIS address here last night before the American Society of Newspaper Editors, Trygve Lie, secretary general of the United Nations, said that the debates which have taken place before the Security Council mark "a very great step away from the old secret diplomacy." But public quarreling is not necessarily a means of public enlightenment. The current debate over Spain indicates that what the powers say in public is little indication of what they are doing in private. It is only by accident and indirection that one can obtain a glimpse of what is actually happening as regards Spain. As secret a game of diplomacy as any played in the eighteenth century is going on among Washington, London, the Vatican, and Madrid. Its purpose is to replace the Franco dictatorship as quietly as possible with a regime less offensive to world democratic opinion but as friendly to the church and Anglo-American big-business interests and as dependable a member of the new anti-Soviet Holy Alliance. Mr. Stettinius's statements in New York and State Department releases here are intended not to inform public opinion of these developments but to disarm and deceive while they can be brought to fruition. And the Australian compromise proposal for an investigation of the case against Franco, if supported by Britain and America, will be utilized not to discover the facts but further to delay action on them.

There was a certain flavor of humbug in the boast made by Colonel Hodgson to the Security Council last Thursday. "The Australian viewpoint, sir," he said, "has been consistent right through. We have demanded investigation and evidence and proved facts before we reached decisions." But Spain is hardly the same kind of terra incognita as Azerbaijan, and even as far away as Australia public opinion does not need an investigation to make up its mind on Franco. The questions to be answered have all been answered, and are recorded not only in black and white but in blood. Was Franco a "non-belligerent" ally of the Axis? Is his a fascist regime? Are German industries and agents strongly intrenched in Spain? Has German strategy in the past used Spain and other "neutral" bases to prepare new weapons and new wars? Is Franco hindering the victorious Allies in their efforts to root out such influences in Spain? The answer to all these questions is yes, and they add up inescapably to the fact that Franco Spain is a menace to world peace and security both as a center of fascist infection and as a secret laboratory for new German war preparations.

The Hodgson compromise is well intentioned and may be better than a defeat on the Polish motion, but it may easily be used to obfuscate the issue. The very wording and sequence of the three questions raised in the Hodgson amendment invite arid debate. The first, "Is the Spanish situation one essentially within the jurisdiction of Spain?" is ideally phrased for exercise in diplomatic metaphysics. The second, "Is the situation in Spain one which might lead to international friction or give rise to a dispute?" will breed irrelevancies; the question is not whether Franco is going to invade France or seize Gibraltar next summer.

What we have to take steps against now is a menace that may not take shape for another decade or two. What we have to consider is whether we wish to stamp out fascism in Germany and Italy but let it breed unhampered in Spain; whether we wish to prevent the Germans from preparing new weapons for a new war in the Reich

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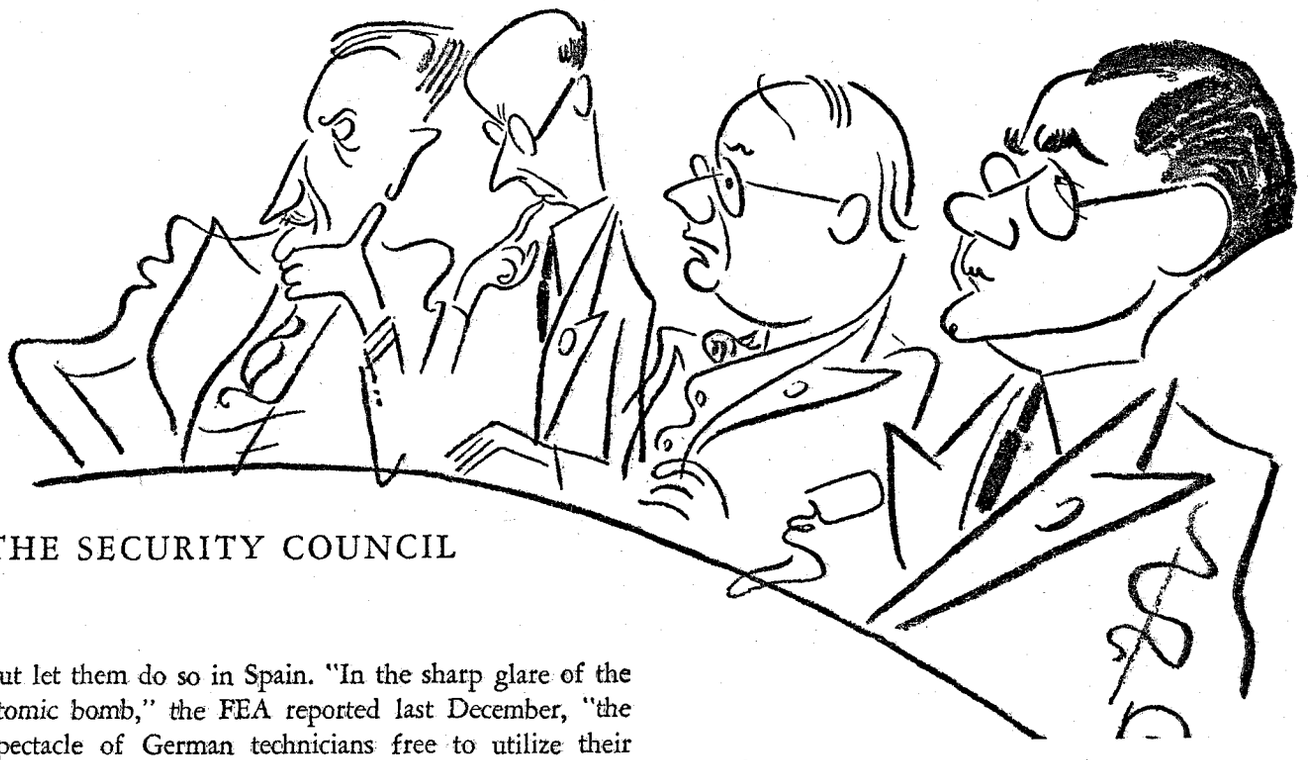

THE SECURITY COUNCIL

but let them do so in Spain. "In the sharp glare of the atomic bomb," the FEA reported last December, "the spectacle of German technicians free to utilize their material resources and industrial facilities as they will outside Germany cannot be viewed without the gravest concern by the Allies." This is not the perspective of the questions framed by Colonel Hodgson.

The proposed inquiry as outlined by the Hodgson proposal has two other weaknesses. In suggesting that the Franco regime present evidence of its own, Colonel Hodgson offered the fascist dictator a springboard from which he can attack France, the Soviet Union, and his Republican enemies. For Franco can claim, and is already claiming, that it is their activities which threaten peace and security. The other weakness is a subtler one. The resolution asks for "further written statements and documentary evidence from members of the United Nations," but the two best-informed of the United Nations are the two which are least desirous of indicting Franco. The State Department and the British Foreign Office possess much information on German activities in Spain which they do not wish to disclose for fear of further inflaming public opinion against Franco. The State Department has some 8,000 documents on Axis activities in Spain which were obtained in Germany and have never been published. British and American intelligence agents have reported a great deal on the German network in Spain; rich files of correspondence attest Franco's unwillingness to cooperate with us in eliminating these dangerous influences. There are a handful of men in the American and British embassies in Madrid who could tell a story of heart-breaking difficulties.

Facts are not lacking here. What is lacking is the will to act on them. And the will is lacking because the State Department and the Foreign Office are not thinking in United Nations terms but in terms of a hostile world split into a Soviet and an Anglo-American bloc. They would rather have some kind of reactionary regime in Spain other than Franco's, but they prefer Franco to a republic in which the leftist parties might be a power. The same fear of communism and lack of confidence in democracy which led the Foreign Office to support Mussolini before the war is now leading it and the State Department to support Franco. There is a new Axis which runs from both London and Washington to Rome, and the church has a favored position under Franco. "No external ceremonies or manifestations will be permitted," says the charter he proclaimed last July, "except those of the Catholic religion." The church would like a regime under which this type of "religious freedom" would be "preserved." Obviously it would not be preserved under a republic.

This is the background of twisted thinking and Metternichian maneuver against which the American, the Dutch, and the British delegates said their pieces before the Security Council last week. All three were against Franco, but Dr. van Kleffens wanted no action by the U. N. because this would strengthen Franco at home. Mr. Stettinius was against action because this would so weaken Franco as to encourage "the resumption of the horrors of civil conflict." Sir Alexander Cadogan, who provided a vivid picture of the Foreign Office mind at work, rested comfortably on the basic proposition that "the nature of a regime in a given country is indisputably a matter of domestic jurisdiction"—unless, of course, it threatens to develop into a leftist regime, as in Greece. Only direct action by labor the world over to stop shipments to Franco and the strongest possible kind of public pressure in the United States and Britain can defeat these synthetic anti-fascists and their efforts to maintain tyranny, in one guise or another, in Spain.

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Murder by Amendment

BY TRIS COFFIN

Commentator for the Columbia Broadcasting Company

Washington, April 19

UNLESS some miracle is worked in the Senate, the destructive waves of inflation will roll over the United States in midsummer. The present price-control act expires with a faint gasp on June 30. The bill passed by a sleepy House of Representatives last Thursday morning has only a flicker of life left in it.

For twelve hours on Wednesday the House lashed itself into a frenzy of rage. When the chamber was darkened near midnight, the OPA had been torn to shreds.

During most of the afternoon a group of men were busy pulling Congressmen off the floor into the hallway leading to the Senate and lecturing them on this ol' devil OPA. The Representatives stomped back into the hall with determined looks on their faces.

This was the last push of one of the most carefully planned lobbies in Congressional history. Tons of mail damning the OPA have piled up in the two House office buildings. It represented the anger of unhappy distributors, wholesalers, and retailers, stoked by the National Association of Manufacturers.

Every business man with a complaint against the OPA was enthusiastically urged to write, call, and visit his Congressman. Witnesses came before committees to tell stories that had a weary similarity: OPA was holding back production, OPA was building up a black market, OPA was persecuting business men. Each complainant begged, "Just give me more profit on my items."

The other voices—those that wanted the OPA—were weak and restrained. President Truman at his Wednesday press conference did not even bring up the subject. A reporter asked him if he had anything to say about the crippling Wolcott amendments. The President replied mildly that he would not vote for them if he were still in the Senate.

Labor and consumer groups were ineffective. They scattered their shots too much—at housing, minimum wages, atomic energy, Franco, John L. Lewis.

The only really energetic group, two thousand women from all sections of the country organized by Mrs. Leon Henderson, wife of the former price administrator, were shoved around by Capitol policemen and discouraged by doorkeepers. Only a few managed to see their Congressmen and present petitions. They ended up talking to themselves.

The strange session of the House opened at ten o'clock Wednesday morning. Shortly before noon Representative John Rankin slouched up to the speaking stand and shouted, "The OPA is totalitarianism in its worst form." He was greeted with happy shouts of applause. Rankin moved to kill the bill outright—send it back to the committee with the enacting clause ripped off. He was joined by only thirty-three others, the extreme right-wing fringe of the House.

The chief anti-OPA strategist, Jesse Wolcott, Republican, sat back calmly awaiting his turn. The strategy did not call for outright murder. The voters might not understand.

Wolcott opened the attack with his two amendments —to extend the OPA to March 31 only, and to guarantee every manufacturer, distributor, and retailer a cost-plus profit on every item handled. Other amendments rushed in to the clerk's desk—yanking out meat subsidies, fixing a formula for ending price controls, repealing the regulation which forces manufacturers to make low-priced clothing.

The strategy was to let the loud voices of the extreme OPA critics fire the fury of the others. Jessie Sumner, Representative from Illinois, screamed, "OPA is the chief reason we don't have production. OPA is encouraging inflation." Others shouted, "OPA is a sham and a fraud. The only people who want OPA are the bureaucrats."

A few voices of protest tried to be heard above the clamor. Representative Baldwin, New York Republican, said, "I think there is a great deal of confusion here today. If we want inflation . . . go along the road we have followed today." Brent Spence, chairman of the Banking and Currency Committee, called out, "Inflation is guaranteed. Price control is a corpse."

The test vote came early in the afternoon, on the Wolcott amendments. Almost all the Republicans moved toward the center aisle to surge past the tellers. Democrats pulled themselves out of their chairs to join the parade. The amendments passed by large votes.

The Senate is not in any friendlier mood toward the OPA. The cotton-bloc Senators are lined up against it. They had a holiday in the Senate on Monday afternoon. Senator Eastland of Mississippi led off with a speech that John Rankin would have envied. After accusing the OPA of causing the cotton-goods shortage by not allowing an increase in the price of cotton, he angrily jumped on the records of individual OPA employees. He wound up with the statement, "The only thing I know today is to abolish the agency."

Chester Bowles spent two days—Monday and Tuesday—before the Senate Banking and Currency Committee trying to read a statement that would ordinarily

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have taken forty-five minutes. He was heckled and interrupted at every turn by Senators Taft, Capehart, Millikin, Buck, and Bankhead. The heckling was so obvious that Senator Barkley said, "I move that Mr. Bowles be allowed to read one paragraph."

Bowles testified that rising prices would mean a rising cost of living leading to "a paralysis of strikes to raise wages." He said that we were now in the same stage of conversion to peace that we were in 1942 in conversion to war. He guaranteed that a flood of consumer goods would pour out of the pipe line next year.

Capehart, the former juke-box manufacturer, broke in to ask, "Why not satisfy the demands of manufacturers and increase prices 10 per cent?"

Taft added sarcastically, "How can you hold prices when wages go up?"

Bowles answered, "All through the thirties wages were increased, costs went down, and profits were larger."

The Ohio Senator was not satisfied. He said, "Lots of people are going out of business these days."

Bowles replied mildly, "But there are fewer bankruptcies now than ever before."

Taft snapped back, "Bankruptcy has gone out of style. They just quit. You did not answer my question."

The Economic Stabilization Director sighed, "Obviously, I'm never going to satisfy you."

Taft came back again and again to his thesis that since wages had been increased, prices should go up. Arguing against the food subsidies, he said, "You have just allowed wage increases. Why not use them to pay an increase in food prices?"

Bowles explained, "You don't buy groceries on wage rates. You buy them on earnings, and earnings have gone down since V-J Day."

The irritated Senator replied, "I don't need a subsidy to pay my food bill."

Bowles had his final word, "Not everyone is in your class, Senator."

Senator Barkley, who has been attending most of the hearings and who will have to carry the main load in the Senate fight in place of ailing Senator Wagner, is not sanguine about the OPA's chances. He has privately advised Administration leaders that the Republican-Southern Democrat coalition is strong enough to chew up price controls in the Senate.

The only hope is for some miracle. Why don't the people who need the OPA start a grass fire of their own that will burn its way to Capitol Hill?

Justice on a Drumhead

BY MAURICE ROSENBLATT

Former editor of the City Reporter*; during the war a special agent of the Criminal Investigation Department of the army*

A COLONEL sits stiffly before the American flag. To his right and left, tapering in rank, are half a dozen junior officers, immobility and coldness masking their faces. This is a general court martial. The trial judge advocate, whose sole duty in the army is to prosecute, sits on one side acting both as prosecutor and adviser to the court. Opposite is the defense counsel, who has been hastily called from his duties as supply officer. The defendant—call him Sergeant Smith—is marched in under guard. He is bewildered by the rank and isn't sure whether he should salute or sit down. He has seen his attorney only once before, for a few minutes.

Charges are read, and the defense counsel waives the right to challenge any member of the court. A witness identifies Smith and is handed a typewritten sheet from which he reads his testimony. A judge asks if Smith was sober when the witness saw him in the jeep. Two other witnesses read statements. The judge advocate says that Smith is clearly guilty.

While the court deliberates he stands outside under guard. Things happened so fast he missed the moment when he was going to tell the court all about the jeep: that he'd just been released from the hospital and wanted to pick up ice for a party at the casual camp. He was going to tell about getting no mail for three months while his division pushed the enemy back several hundred miles; about being wounded. Carrying an automatic rifle made him a special target, though these people wouldn't understand that. All he wants is to get back to his outfit and not let his family know he was court-martialed. He goes over the unuttered story.

Meanwhile the court reaches its decision. The junior officer votes first so that he will not be swayed by the judgment of his senior. It is a scrupulous provision, one of those punctilios of army law which could have meaning if the substance of the whole procedure were fair. Finally Smith faces the judges. He has been found guilty of unlawfully using government property. Before fixing sentence the court examines his record; it is clean, but the president of the court has privately reminded the others that the commanding general is tired of vehicle thefts, and that these fellows back from the front must realize they are still in the army.

So Smith hears that he is to be broken to private, forfeit all pay and allowances, including months of combat pay which never caught up with him, be confined at hard

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labor for two years, and be dishonorably discharged. The whole trial took scarcely longer than a traffic case in night court.

Eight months after V-J Day more than 33,500 American soldiers are still confined in army prisons and rehabilitation centers. How did they get there?

Upon entering the army the soldier surrenders his constitutional rights and becomes subject to a code set forth in the army's "Manual for Courts Martial." This defines three types of court. The summary court tries minor violations and may fine or restrict an enlisted man. The special court, a board of three officers, decides cases of a more serious nature; these are presented by the trial judge advocate, and the defendant is entitled to counsel. The highest tribunal, the general court martial, has power to try officers as well as enlisted men. It can administer fines, sentence to hard labor and dishonorable discharge, and even impose the death penalty. The defendant may choose his own counsel, but few soldiers know that they may retain a civilian lawyer if they desire, and guardhouses provide no facilities for inmates to make arrangements for their defense. In practice the defense counsel is usually inexperienced and sometimes without legal training.

On paper army justice is severe but fair. Actually it is frequently unfair and even brutal, less a system of justice than an arbitrary disciplinary code. Instead of preserving order and curbing crime it serves too frequently as an instrument of oppression by which officers fortify low-caliber leadership. Army justice has become the club which polices the caste system, punishing petty misconduct while ignoring the grossest malefaction. It creates bitterness, disillusionment, and helpless resentment among citizen-soldiers.

An ex-G. I. can talk about army justice for hours, drawing on an inexhaustible stock of stories. Most of the cases cited here came to my notice during the three years I was attached to the army's Department of Criminal Investigation. Army men who worked in the Judge Advocate or Provost Marshal section can match these with examples far more grim and lurid.

The first complaint against army justice is that it operates on a double standard. Theoretically both officers and men are subject to the Articles of War listed in the Manual; in practice army justice is administered only by officers and applied almost exclusively to enlisted men. In 1940 the army conducted 16,391 courts martial; 17 of the men tried were officers. Only commissioned officers may serve on the court. Consequently the soldier is not tried by his equals but by representatives of a superior class whose status is maintained by disciplining the ranks. And a large proportion of trials arise from conflicts between officers and men.

An officer may violate an Article of War flagrantly and publicly, and not be punished. During the war a married lieutenant stationed at an East Coast town dated an eighteen-year-old girl. As he was taking her home he dragged her into an alley and tried to rape her. During the struggle the girl's arm was broken. The lieutenant had her arm set at the army hospital, and the case was reported to military authorities. When questioned, the lieutenant admitted his part in the affair but laughed it all off, saying the girl was notoriously loose. The captain conducting the inquiry, a good friend of the lieutenant's, dropped the matter with the comment that lots of people broke their arms in winter falling on ice.

A contrast to the case of the laughing lieutenant is offered by that of the two enlisted men who picked up a WAC hitch-hiker in New Guinea. The woman spent several hours with the soldiers and later reported to the M. P.'s that her watch had been stolen. Some two hours after reporting the theft, she casually remarked that she had also been "raped." The two soldiers readily admitted having had relations with the woman but said she had been completely agreeable. At the trial no medical testimony was introduced to show physical evidence of rape. The court had only the word of the woman. But the two soldiers were sentenced to more than ten years' hard labor. The character of the woman was not discussed at the trial, although she was awaiting return to the States because of mental incompetence.

An accused officer is rarely confined to a guardhouse before his trial. He can collect his evidence and muster his witnesses. If he is found guilty, the double standard still operates—"the higher the rank the milder the penalty." A reprimand to an officer is regarded as equivalent to a prison sentence for an enlisted man. Even traffic violations were treated differently during the war. At a camp where non-coms caught speeding were reduced to private and compelled to dig graves, officers were fined and reprimanded.

Combat soldiers who had engaged the enemy and survived by their own wits and initiative clashed with the garrison mentality behind the lines. At the front the use of vehicles, equipment, and food was dictated by necessity, and small heed was paid to vouchers or requisitions. When combat soldiers returned to a rear base, they wanted to blow off steam and have a good time—which generally involved liquor and a vehicle. Often when they were apprehended they were still suffering from combat fatigue, but the courts martial were likely to ignore that fact and to convict these men along with barracks thieves and deserters.

An over-conscientious soldier can get into considerable trouble inasmuch as the preservation of authority is of greater concern to the court than the merits of the case. A private at Fort Custer, Michigan, while on "k. p." was directed by the mess sergeant to take meat which had been thrown into the garbage and place it in the refriger-

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ator. The private refused, because the meat was too dirty. Two days later he was court-martialed for refusing to obey a lawful order. The only factor which the court considered was that the sergeant had issued an order which the private had failed to obey. He was sentenced to three months' hard labor.

There is no habeas corpus in the army. The Articles of War direct that no one may be unduly detained without being properly charged and tried, but the soldier, jailed before trial, has no way of enforcing his rights. Public opinion, the watchdog of civilian justice, plays virtually no part in the army's system.

A Pennsylvania soldier, the father of eight, went home on furlough and overstayed his leave a week to be with his sick wife. On his way back to camp he was picked up in New Jersey. His records failed to arrive, and his trial was therefore put off. He told his story to six chaplains and inspectors without results. After he had been kept in confinement three months the allotment to his family was cut off on the ground that he was not earning his pay while in the guardhouse. That night he swallowed a disinfectant poison but was rushed to a hospital, where a stomach pump saved his life. A few lines in his home-town paper about the attempted suicide worked wonders. He was brought to trial immediately and received a full acquittal, followed in a few weeks by an honorable discharge.

Who was to blame? Nobody wanted to take the responsibility for releasing the soldier under a system set up to confine, try, and convict. The safeguards of Anglo-Saxon justice were missing.

Guardhouse censorship makes it impossible for a prisoner to tell the outside world about mistreatment or violations of regulations by prison officers. In many though not all army prisons, at home and abroad, a sadistic streak developed in the jailors. Men have been beaten and tortured, and fatalities have resulted from guardhouse brutality. The most notorious camp, at Lichfield, England, is currently having its crimson history of flogging and murder spread before the public in the testimony given at the trial of nine guards and two officers accused of cruelty. Yet the Lichfield commandant, Colonel Killian, was recommended for promotion by the War Department. Public protest led, instead, to his being charged with responsibility for "the cruel treatment" of prisoners—treatment which is alleged to have included beatings with rifle butts and rawhide.

Apologists for the army's court-martial record point out that there are practically no instances of an innocent man being convicted or framed. That is true, but one must remember that army regulations are so voluminous and contradictory that every officer and man in the service could be proved a transgressor if the authorities desired to press a charge. Too much depends upon the caprice of superior officers. Stealing a jeep might rate only a six months' sentence at one camp; at another it might bring three years and a dishonorable discharge.

At present the House Military Affairs Committee and an army commission are investigating the court-martial system. Nothing will be accomplished, however, if they recommend only superficial reforms instead of basic changes. Any effort to revamp military justice runs head on against the congealed caste system, the officers' code, the inflexibility of the military mind, and the sacred traditions of the service. But the fact remains that now is the time to obtain the needed changes, while the army is courting public favor for appropriations and recruits. Veterans and taxpayers can demand certain reforms:

1. The protection of habeas corpus must be extended to the army.

2. Military courts should include enlisted men as well as officers among the judges, in the trials of both officers and enlisted men.

3. The legal section of the army, the Judge Advocate General's Department, should not be under the control of commanders of troops but should be made directly answerable to the Secretary of War, a civilian. This would end the present practice of using the legal powers of the army as an administrative weapon, to enforce personal policies. A civilian board of review should examine all court-martial sentences, and periodically inspect guardhouses and rehabilitation centers.

4. The Judge Advocate section, which today functions as a prosecutor's office, should provide also for defense. Access to civilian attorneys, now provided for in theory, should be facilitated.

5. The Courts Martial Manual should be revised; penalties for specific offenses should be standardized and a distinction made between breaches of army discipline and criminal offenses. Also, a policy should be worked out regarding psychiatric evidence and medical treatment of sexual abnormals.

6. Officers in the Judge Advocate and Provost Marshal sections who have shown bias, cruelty, or negligence should be prosecuted.

7. Court-martial proceedings are not secret. If the press made a point of reporting courts martial like civil courts, the spotlight of publicity would do more than anything else to remedy current abuses.

Above all, the thousands of American soldiers still confined in army guardhouses and federal penitentiaries are entitled to a prompt review of their cases. A distinction should be made between those who committed actual crimes and those who overstepped one of the innumerable taboos and happened to be caught.

Remember, the man in uniform can do nothing about all this. It is up to veterans and civilians to right the wrongs of the past and set up a court-martial system which will be the cornerstone of a democratic army.

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Germany: Political Battleground

BY FRITZ STERNBERG

German economist now living in this country; author of "The Coming Crisis," to be published shortly

ON APRIL 14, 1,200 delegates of the Social Democratic and Communist parties of Germany met in Berlin's Palace Theater in the Russian sector and decided to merge the two parties. At this meeting, according to a report in the New York *Times* of April 15, Otto Grotewohl, chairman of the Central Committee of the Social Democratic Party, hailed the accomplishment of fusion and predicted that the unification of the two parties would be extended to the zones occupied by the Western powers.

Though the merger in Berlin was effected under Russian pressure, the ground for it had been prepared much earlier. Even before the war many German workers realized that the bitter dissensions in their own ranks had facilitated the Nazi victory. After the collapse of the Nazi regime, it was very natural for them to resolve not to repeat the old mistakes but to form one united German workers' party. In many German towns, within and outside the Russian zone, socialist-unity parties came into being.

The Red Army, representing Russian policy, was not at first for a united party; in the beginning it sanctioned four parties in the Russian zone—the Democratic, the Christian Democratic, the Social Democratic, and the Communist. The Russians assumed that the German workers would hail the Red Army as liberators and that in consequence the German Communist Party would grow to such proportions that it would be all-powerful.

These hopes were not fulfilled. On the contrary, the behavior of the Red Army, in Germany as in Austria and Hungary, diminished any Communist leanings among the population, and the removal of a large amount of machinery from German factories increased the antipathy to the conquerors. All elections at which no pressure was exerted, even in the Russian zone, showed that the Communists were not dominant; in many the Social Democrats were far ahead.

When the Russians could not delude themselves any longer about this trend, they "recommended" the merger of the Social Democrats and the Communists into one party. Their reasons were obvious. In their zone as in the others, general elections will be held in the course of the year. Without a merger of the two workers' parties the Communists would certainly remain in the minority. A united party, however, might obtain a majority of the votes cast—especially since the German middle classes have been so largely destroyed. This united party would be in reality the Communist Party under another name; the Russians would use it as an instrument of their policies in their zone, and it would attempt to extend its influence westward.

RUSSIA USES TERROR

After "recommending" the merger the Russians had some difficulty in completing it since there are in Berlin, besides the Russian, an American, a British, and a French sector. The Social Democratic Executive Committee in Berlin favored a united party, but at a stormy meeting of party officers an overwhelming majority voted against the merger and demanded that members be given a chance to record their position in a secret ballot. In this vote the Soviet-sponsored proposal to dissolve the Social Democratic Party and merge it with an expanded Communist movement was rejected seven to one. On April 7 three Social Democratic leaders who had capitulated to Soviet pressure were expelled by the enraged membership.

This unmistakable repudiation of their scheme did not, however, deter the Russians from calling the meeting which on April 14 voted for the merger. It was the forerunner of a Social Democratic–Communist Party Congress for the entire Russian zone. And because outside of Berlin the Social Democrats in the Russian zone are subject to undiluted Russian pressure a preponderant majority of them will probably agree to a united party.

The character of the pressure being exerted was described in the London *Tribune* on March 1:

> A detailed report on eastern Germany appeared last Tuesday in the Manchester *Guardian*. Most of the facts in this report agreed exactly with the evidence available from independent sources. This report claims that the concentration camps of Buchenwald and Sachsenhausen have been put back into service to house the growing number of democrats arrested by the Russians for political dissent. One of the men named is Dr. Hermann Brill—a leading Thuringian Social Democrat who was arrested for underground work in 1938 and found in Buchenwald when the Americans arrived. Now, according to the *Guardian*, he finds himself again under arrest for opposing party fusion on Russian terms.

The New York *Times* furnished confirmation in a dispatch from Berlin by Kathleen McLaughlin, dated March 20:

> Contrary to the pledges of political freedom given in the Potsdam agreement Soviet Military Government

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authorities have reactivated the Buchenwald and Sachsenhausen concentration camps and are detaining in them dissenters from the merger of Communist and Social Democratic parties. Testimony to this effect is extensive in an Allied document. . . . Sworn statements of German civilians who have been detained assert that their only offense was active opposition to the proposed merger. Although no mistreatment is alleged such as made the names of the camps infamous throughout the world, some of the individuals who were inmates there during the war for anti-Nazi activities are again behind the same walls for anti-Communist speeches and sentiment, according to these statements.

REVOLUTIONARY SOCIAL CHANGES

While the Russians are using terrorism to obtain a united party, they are also making a strong appeal to the Social Democratic workers by taking measures to change the structure of society. They will, of course, have to overcome much anti-Russian feeling, but the contrast between their positive acts and the absence of any constructive changes in the British and American zones is bound to make an impression on German labor.

The Russians have liquidated the Junkers. By breaking up their feudal estates, they have deprived these reactionary German groups of their economic base and have done it regardless of the immediate effect on agricultural production. In industry they have instituted a state-planned production based on need, and though they have removed much machinery and even whole factories to Russia, output in their zone, according to all reports, is greater than in the American, British, or French zone, and there is hardly any unemployment.

On paper the Russians have not socialized production; in reality they have gone rather far in that direction. In one of a series of articles about the Russian zone the London *Economist* said:

> Nominally the eastern German industries have not yet been nationalized. East of the Elbe denazification has hit big business more thoroughly than in the west. In consequence, nearly all the big industrial concerns in the Russian zone are now under public control. . . . Throughout the Russian zone the *Betriebsräte* (works councils) play a dominant part in industry. They have the last say on all matters where employment and denazification are involved. Large factories are mostly managed by boards of four directors. . . . Usually the technical director belonging to the old management is left in his position. The three other directors are in charge of commercial, financial, and personnel affairs. The directors work in close contact with the works councils, and probably also under pressure from them. The whole scheme shows a fair amount of resemblance to the "factory democracy" of the early years of the Russian Revolution.

From the base of a social revolution in their zone and with a united workers' party as their instrument, the Russians will attempt to build up political influence in western Germany. If the Western allies permit economic activity in their zones to remain at its present low level, and if there is again mass unemployment, the Russian-supported united party will acquire great and decisive strength.

MORE CALORIES

As has been recognized lately by the British and Americans, it is extremely important that things should not look worse in their zone than in the Russian, especially in the matter of food. At the moment the population in the Russian zone is getting more calories, partly because a larger percentage of it is engaged in agriculture. The dangers inherent in this situation have been clearly recognized by persons on the spot. The United Press reported from Berlin: "A group of American editors and publishers touring Germany under army auspices warned the American people today that they must assume the responsibility of feeding the Germans if democracy is to compete with communism in Germany." Edward T. Leech, editor of the Pittsburgh *Press*, wrote: "We had better either give the Germans enough food or go out. We cannot democratize the Germans on 1,200 calories a day when communism has been taught on 1,600 calories in the Russian zone." Paul Bellamy, editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*: "We have to feed the Germans or throw Central Europe into the hands of Communists." Gardner Cowles, Jr., publisher of the Des Moines *Register-Tribune*: "If we do not feed the Germans adequately it is inevitable that a great deal of chaos will result and there will be a tendency to swing Germany toward the Soviets, which I consider unfortunate. I think it would be much cheaper to feed the Germans adequately now than to face the consequences of an inadequate diet in the future."

Not only the supply of food but the whole economy and especially the position of the German worker in society should be at least as good in the west as in the east. Yet nowhere in the entire Western zone does production amount to more than 10 per cent of peace-time production and a considerable part of the output is used by the occupation armies. If this continues, German workers will say that they prefer a Russian regime, in which they will have some influence on working conditions, to a political democracy with a non-functioning economy and many millions of unemployed.

What can be done to counter this trend toward Russia? So far the British and Americans have been content to support the efforts of those Social Democrats who want to preserve their party's independence. That will not be sufficient *unless at the same time they change their entire economic policy in the western half of Germany.* First, the main objectives of the Potsdam plan must be revised. Its proposed, and to a large extent accomplished, de-industrialization of Germany means unem-

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ployment for millions for years; it means stagnation not only for Germany but also for other parts of Western Europe; it means destroying the foundation of all the European Socialist parties, because those parties are founded on employed workers.

SOCIALIST RECONSTRUCTION IN THE WEST

In England these facts are gradually becoming clear. The Labor Party, now in the saddle, has always had close connections with the German trade unions and Social Democrats. And the most industrially developed areas are in the British zone. The British are therefore against a strict interpretation of the Potsdam agreement and in favor of a not inconsiderable reconstruction of German industry—reconstruction, moreover, *not on the old monopolistic-capitalistic basis, but on a socialized basis*. The London *Economist*, which takes a more moderate position in regard to socialization of industry in England, calls for "far-reaching socialist experiments" in the British zone, saying, "Instead of being driven reluctantly into them, let the British administration openly and deliberately evolve a plan for public ownership of the essential industries and services in Northwest Germany."

To this British proposal, as to every other advocating the reconstruction of German industries, the objection is made that rebuilding German industry means rebuilding the German war potential. The answer to this is that the danger of new aggressive action on Germany's part will not depend on the capacity of its industries but *on what forces, what classes, control them*. If the old monopolistic-capitalistic forces remain in power, then naturally the danger exists that industrial reconstruction will further the development of the old neo-fascist, aggressive aims. The reconstruction of the German economy cannot be separated from a change in the structure of German society.

The Western powers cannot long avoid a decision about the future of the German economy, the socialization of German industries. If the level of German production continues dismally low, then mass unemployment will be unavoidable, and the superiority of the Russian planned economy will be plain to German labor. This will mean handing over all Germany to the Russians. But if German industry, beginning in the British zone, is reconstructed on a socialistic basis, then the German workers will be fully employed and have a decisive voice in management and in their working conditions. If at the same time the workers enjoy personal and political liberty they will have no temptation to join a Soviet-sponsored party but will keep their own Social Democratic Party strong and independent.

U. N. from Pillar to Post

BY FREDERICK GUTHEIM

Expert on town planning and editor of Frank Lloyd Wright's book "On Architecture"

THE difficulties U. N. experienced in choosing temporary headquarters, ended last week by the decision to use the New York City building in Flushing Meadow Park as a meeting place for the Assembly and the Sperry Gyroscope plant at Lake Success on Long Island for the councils and secretariat, were nothing compared to those it will encounter in the final choice and development of permanent headquarters.

At the root of its difficulties has been the organization's inability, or unwillingness, to concentrate on its actual needs. This was revealed last fall by the instructions to the site-selection committee. It was even more apparent in the committee's report on the Westchester-Fairfield site. Indeed, the search of Dr. Gavrilovic's committee for the Inspiring View left little doubt that considerations of greater importance were not kept in mind. Nor have the subsequent efforts of the organization to find an interim solution of its headquarters problem indicated much recognition of the present and future needs of the United Nations. The recently concluded negotiations for the Sperry Company's plant at Lake Success, again ignoring the local community and making inadequate provisions for future growth, shows that little has been learned from previous experience in Westchester and the Bronx.

What does U. N. require for its permanent headquarters? This is the question the organization must answer before applying to the planning professions for help. Architects, engineers, and landscape architects cannot get to work until a decision on fundamental needs has been reached. To the layman outside the mysterious circles of U. N. administration some of the essentials seem clear. U. N. will need more than a place for the Assembly to meet, a place for the councils to meet, and working space for the secretariat. (I am not referring here to the relatively simple matter of whether the organization requires its own powerful radio station or its own international airport.) It will probably have to accommodate a very large number of international organizations, perhaps as many as a hundred, now in exist-

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ence or shortly to be created. It may have to take in the International Bank and the Monetary Fund, the International Food and Agriculture Organization, the United Nations Educational, Scientific, and Cultural Organization; even UNRRA. It may need accommodations for organizations concerned with the refugee question, with an international postal system, a monetary system, a uniform system of weights and measures. Perhaps the International Labor Office, now temporarily located in Montreal, may move to U. N. headquarters. In short, the site must be ample for a city of nearly half a million people, a world capital, developing step by step with the evolution of the United Nations.

The Westchester-Fairfield site has been criticized as too large. But it is not large enough to meet a realistic estimate of U. N.'s requirements. Perhaps it is not too late for the organization to reconsider its choice and to debate the advantages of a larger site in Putnam County whose acquisition would be less difficult and whose potentialities for expansion would be greater. Controversy over the Westchester-Fairfield site has at least made it clear that a future city rather than a "small college campus"—in Senator Vandenberg's revealing comment—is planned. Any idea that U. N. can be satisfactorily housed in existing buildings—on Long Island, in Flushing, the Bronx, or elsewhere—is greatly mistaken. Only a tract of land separate from any existing city and a fresh architectural setting will meet requirements.

When Dr. Gavrilovic's committee announced its selection of the permanent headquarters site it broke open a beehive of irate property-owners whose angry buzzing has not yet been silenced. The decision will not be final until the committee's report has been confirmed by the Assembly in October, and during the next six months many things can happen. The reason for the committee's error in judgment may have been the fact that no American was represented on it. Indeed, by some strange omission, no American delegate has been concerned in any responsible way with U. N.'s site problems. The organization has availed itself liberally of American engineers and city-planners, but at the level of policy there has been no visible American participation. Disinterested motives were behind this national policy—as well as the desire of the federal government to steer clear of local politics—but as events have turned out it seems as if the United States government should offer U. N. its assistance.

At San Francisco the government assumed the primary responsibility for conference arrangements, and the delegates were received by the city with warmth and enthusiasm. In London, despite the blitzed houses and hotels, the British government was able to take good care of the delegates and to supply Central Hall for the Assembly and Church House for the Council and secretariat. But in New York U. N. has been harried from pillar to post, and left strictly to the tender mercies of the city of New York. If the matter is not dealt with more energetically, the Assembly delegates, when they reach New York next fall, may ask whether some other city would not provide more advantageous headquarters. The official participation of the United States government in the selection and development of a headquarters site should be assured by the immediate appointment of a qualified liaison committee.

Above all things U. N. must put the planning horse before the architectural cart. Before Dr. Gavrilovic's committee is reconstituted as a site-development board, before representative architects of the world are assembled and instructed, before the experts can usefully go to work, some hard-boiled thinking must be done by all of us. Much more intensive discussion must be carried on throughout the world, based on facts U. N. has not yet made public. The organization is developing rapidly, but it cannot outrun popular criticism that springs from lack of understanding. If necessary, a group of frankly temporary buildings, to be constructed and occupied within a year, should be used as a stop-gap solution until the fundamentals are thought through.

Once the final decision on location has been made, U. N. will face the infinitely more complex problems of site development. It requires little imagination to foresee the reproaches that will be heaped on it for taking some small share of the nation's limited supply of building materials, the tempests stirred up in aesthetic circles by its architectural plans, or the protests of local politicians when some change in transportation facilities is proposed. This period of site development will educate the world, and in particular the people of the United States, about the U. N. by concentrating attention on its physical requirements.

Development of the headquarters site offers U. N. an opportunity to show that the ideal of world government can be realized. This demonstration cannot be made unless the best planning and architectural talent in the world is recruited and its successful collaboration assured. It cannot be accomplished through expensive and time-consuming architectural competitions such as have been proposed for U. N.'s principal buildings or by dependence on the preposterous idea that somewhere in the world a single creative genius will be found who can immediately and single-handed solve U. N.'s building problems. Only a system of professional teamwork and rotation can develop the collaboration among planners and architects that will give us the conception of a new city, the capital of the world.

The frustrated and disillusioned peoples of the world are not waiting eagerly for U. N. to produce architectural monuments. They are waiting for it to create a world government.

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The Farmer's Job

BY JAMES HEARST
Iowa farmer and writer

MY NEIGHBOR, who is a farmer and a very good one, says that city folk seem to think there are two kinds of people in the world—farmers and other people. He professes to be greatly puzzled by this distinction. But he suspects the line is drawn because non-farm people have really no understanding of the nature of farmers or of farming.

The Iowa farmer is sensitive about this lack of understanding. Usually quiet and self-effacing, except with high-pressure salesmen or hogs in the garden, he would like to have his work understood and appreciated—not as a romantic way of life certainly but in terms of its own value. It doesn't take a war to tell him what he is worth to a nation; he knows very well who furnishes the food and fiber for the world and at what cost. He may never have reasoned it out, but he has a stubborn self-respect. The farmer has been the butt of many jokes, the stooge for many a quick turn; he is insulted daily on the radio by hill-billy bands and psalm-singing medicine men. He seldom answers back because he is somewhat inarticulate, as men often are who work by themselves. In his heart he knows that these things are insignificant compared to the forces with which he lives. Yet when he is sorely tried by hecklers, he takes sardonic amusement in the knowledge that if he chose to quit work those vague clouds on the horizon would suddenly materialize into the ruthless legions of famine and starvation.

This loyalty to his vocation is what made possible the farmer's remarkable achievements during the war. In spite of a third less help, worn-out machinery, a losing struggle to obtain seeds and fertilizer, the farmer produced more crops and livestock than ever before. It wasn't easy. You folks who work in offices from nine to five, who have the day off whenever a holiday comes along, who go home on Saturdays at noon, you won't know what I'm talking about. A lot of the boys around here are humping around complaining about lame shoulders or a crick in the back. Some of them say that doctoring doesn't seem to do much good; they think they'll feel better when the warm weather comes. Don't feel sorry for them. Just remember that they didn't get those sore muscles from mowing the yard. You don't turn out three-billion-bushel corn crops or raise a hundred million head of hogs by sitting at a desk and adding up figures.

For a farmer it isn't so much that his job is important as that his job is his life. A farmer wants to make things grow. He wants to put seed in the earth and, come hell or high water, make a crop of it. This desire to grow things burns in his guts not in his head. He tries to keep his head clear for administrative matters. A farmer can no more help wearing himself out trying to raise bigger crops, fatter hogs, or better milk cows than corn can help growing hot in the bins when planting time comes. He is part of nature, too, and we may as well admit it.

He sees a betrayal of human values in the "scarcity" programs so indulgently extolled by the National Association of Manufacturers. Once in the early 1930's the locked doors of factories forced the farmer to follow this same pattern. It was the only way out for him at the time, but he has no desire to repeat it.

Consequently strikes make him uneasy. He knows that there is no percentage for anybody in closed factories and idle men. But his attitude toward the cause of strikes has changed profoundly. He is no longer moved by the pleas of big business for "free enterprise" and "free competition." The farmer is a hard man to catch with the same trick a second time. After the First World War, while he was aimlessly scratching himself, he backed into the buzz-saw of free enterprise and lost several fingers. He won't do that again, no matter what his itch. He has discovered the obvious—that industry hasn't been subject to free enterprise since the days of Henry Clay. What the leaders of industry really mean by free enterprise is freedom for them to exploit the people who do the actual work of the world. The farmer is slowly growing deaf to their exhortations. He is equally skeptical of their arguments about the advantages of competition. He has only to price the various makes of tractors or refrigerators to find out that "it ain't so."

Drawn by Bernard Golden

His challenge, these days, to industry is this: Come out from behind the protection of your corporate structure and fight like men. If you want free enterprise, then *you* give up all the government privileges and guaranties you have and meet us on our own ground. We will put on a production race with you 365 days in the year. You take what your goods will bring; we will take what ours bring—even on world markets. But for God's sake, let's get going. If you want to discredit representative government and the capitalistic system, just keep on with your stupid acts and statements against the general welfare.

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The People's Front

Paris, April 16

TO SEE Herriot and Billoux in the space of twenty-four hours is to travel in one day through the entire period that separates the Third Republic from the Fourth. François Billoux, Minister of Reconstruction and City Planning, is one of the ablest of the Communist Ministers. The Communist Party is eagerly endeavoring to show the French public that it has something more than passionate militants, that it has prepared itself to face every responsibility in these days of trial for France. As almost everywhere else in Europe, the party in France has become "ministerial," and it feels very sure of its own ability to govern. That feeling was forcefully expressed by Jacques Duclos in his election speech at Clermont-Ferrand last Sunday: "In this country," he said, "the people have tried all the parties and all the programs except ours. We say that we are ready to be tried by the people of France." To be able to speak like that, it was necessary for the Communists to have proved that they have competent administrators.

They can point with pride to Billoux. At San Francisco last year the newspapermen were already whispering to one another: "If you want to talk with the French, see Billoux." Only whispering, because it was rather embarrassing for some of the representatives of the big papers to admit out loud that the best man of the delegation was a Communist. But though Billoux felt perfectly at ease at this, his first international conference, it is in his office on the rue de Lille, talking with him about the hard job of pushing ahead France's reconstruction program, that one can measure his capacity.

On a map of France Billoux showed me the general picture of destruction. I had seen a part of it with my own eyes on a trip to the south, but only after a detailed inspection of the map is it possible to realize how terribly France was punished and how lucky Paris has been to escape with only a few scratches. Billoux is happy to point out that despite the wide devastation the most remarkable monuments of France have been spared. At Caen, l'Abbaye aux Hommes and l'Abbaye aux Dames have not been touched. At Rouen the cathedrals of St. Ouen and St. Maclou are standing, as beautiful as ever; the Palais de Justice, though gravely damaged, will be saved. The cathedral of Amiens, the churches of Vernon, Grand Andelys, and Gisors, the Hotel de Ville of Compiègne—all these jewels of French architecture are there intact among the ruins. The task of the experts working under Billoux is to rebuild these old cities of France in such a way as to create a harmony between the past and the future; to provide new, modern lodgings for the population without surrounding, say, the church of Gisors, one of the purest examples of Renaissance architecture, with a half-dozen ugly brick houses.

Billoux is rebuilding France according to a careful plan, without hurting private interests where they should be taken into account, but with an iron hand to prevent racketeers and war profiteers from making the *grand coup* of their lives and speculating at the expense of the millions of persons who are without homes. He has begun with the most devastated region, Normandy, and with Alsace and the region of the Somme, which are next hardest hit. And every time he can escape, he goes to the country to spread the new slogan of France, "Produce and Build."

Production and reconstruction were also the slogans which dominated the first real congress of the Confédération du Travail held since the liberation. I attended as a delegate of the U. G. T., the Spanish trade-union federation. Thus I was able to follow not only the public debate but a most interesting inside struggle between two factions. The minority holds to the traditional line and does not want the C. G. T. to be too greatly influenced by political parties lest, with Socialist-Communist predominance in the Cabinet, the trade-union movement become dependent on the government. The majority group favors political action and labor participation in the direction of the state. A continuous controversy has been going on in the French left as to whether the left ought not to have seized the opportunity offered by the liberation to accomplish the social revolution. In the C. G. T. congress several voices were raised in support of such a tactic, but they were submerged by the majority chorus "Produce and Build." The majority representatives were still more outspoken in the talks I had with them. They simply despise the old syndicalist theory of direct action, which they find reactionary and out of date.

To understand the European process of today it is indispensable to keep in mind the changes in the meaning of the word "revolution." For those who won at the congress, the creation of *comités d'entreprises* and the nationalization measures already constitute revolutionary steps. They see the battle for production as a form of struggle against capitalism. In the debate the majority stressed the fact that the transfer of the state apparatus from one class to another, which constitutes the fundamental aspect of revolution, has not been accomplished or even begun in France. For the transfer to take place, the masses must become aware of the need for it and the intermediate classes must be won over. That is why, they argue, compromises are obligatory today. That was the tone of the speakers for the majority at the C. G. T. congress, whose political position is very close to that of the Communists.

The congress itself ended with a compromise, reelecting as general secretaries with equal powers Léon Jouhaux, who keeps his prestige and who delivered an excellent report, and Benoit Frachon, a younger man with all the élan of the Communist Party. This was a congress to which we shall have to refer more than once in the coming months, for if there is one indisputable fact about France today, it is the decisive political influence of labor.

DEL VAYO

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Unemployable Intelligence

AN INQUIRY INTO "THE NATURE OF PEACE" AND THE TERMS OF ITS PERPETUATION. By Thorstein Veblen. The Viking Press. $3.

EVENTS of historical magnitude should be viewed in historical perspective. The blunders and the pitiful cleverness of individual men count for surprisingly little: if there was a Hitler, it was because there was an unnamed Hitlerism at least as old as Frederick II. When we open a book on current affairs, our first question should not be, "How recent?" but "How deep?" An eyewitness like G. Ward Price is negligible; here is an inquiry nearly thirty years old, and its testimony is valid in the problems of today.

Veblen did not prophesy: there are too many unpredictable ways for men to go wrong. Yet he was not a wholly disinterested observer. He was a fighter in his chosen field. Social truths are human truths; they depend upon our intelligence and upon our will. If Veblen arraigned, with his ponderous and pungent irony, the "dynastic state," "invidious patriotism," "the kept classes," and "the price system," it was because he had made his choice. He stood deliberately for the common man, the underprivileged, or, in his own words, the underfed and the underbred. If the chief end of mankind is to produce gentlemen, "to praise God and disturb the peace," and indulge in conspicuous waste, then Veblen was wrong. If Veblen was right, the gentlemen must go.

This book was finished in January, 1917, when the Czar still ruled(?) Russia and when we were still too proud to fight. Yet it could have been written today. Here and there an assertion might be challenged. In a close examination of "peace without honor," that is, peace through submission, Veblen says, "The Armenian people have continued to hold their hill country apparently without serious or enduring reduction of their numbers"; he could not foresee the efficiency of Kemalist Turkey. He asserts—with a question mark, to be sure—that "the patriotism of the Chinese appears to be nearly a negligible quantity." As I am not a Veblen-cultist, I take objection to his statement that in America "something less than 10 per cent of the inhabitants own something more than 90 per cent of the country's wealth." This would not be true even if by "wealth" we meant, as in common parlance, luxury. There is in America a Communist sector—federal and state institutions, public domain, and public works—which alone represents more than 10 per cent of our wealth. There is a "voluntary Communist sector"—churches, foundations, endowed schools, and hospitals—which is by no means negligible. There is a strictly individualist sector—homes, farms, small shops, personal belongings—minor, but very real. Even in the capitalistic sector the stock may be controlled, but it is not owned outright, by the very few. And as a rule those few have managerial duties; they are not out-and-out "gentlemen of leisure." Veblen rightly considers a protective tariff "a combination in restraint of trade," "sabotage," "graft." But a restrictive immigration policy is inspired by the same spirit. I wonder if Veblen would apply to our quota system the same harsh terms?

On the other hand, there are in the book marvelous examples of foresight, that is to say, of insight. He constantly denounces Japan in the same breath as Germany, although Japan was then one of the virtuous allies, destined to figure as one of the Big Five at the peace conference. He offers terms of peace to be imposed upon Germany—after what amounts to unconditional surrender and an admission of guilt—far more drastic, and far more intelligent, than those of Versailles: the gentlemen punished the German masses, and dealt leniently with their fellow-gentlemen. He understood the debt question before it had officially arisen: he speaks of "the patent, though often tacit, avowal that the Entente belligerents are spending their substance and pledging their credit for the common cause." He pleaded, not for an alliance of victors, but for a Pacific League of Neutral Nations—an ambiguous term but perfectly clear in the context: by "neutral" he meant non-aggressive but willing to use force.

An apparent objection to his thesis is that he places the whole burden of guilt on the "dynastic state" as such. Japan remained the perfect dynastic state, but Germany did not restore the Hohenzollern. Yet I believe he is justified. Nationalism and dynasty are historical manifestations of the same spirit. The monarchy, as Charles Maurras rightly said, is "integral nationalism." It was the kings who made France. When the kings grew feeble, the people became the collective sovereign but retained the monarchical psychology. A national, military, imperial democracy is but the prolonged shadow of a Louis XIV. Marcel Sembat put it clearly just before the First World War: *"Faites un roi, sinon faites la paix":* a king, or peace. Carlyle would have recognized in Hitler—as Churchill once did recognize in Mussolini—a king in the fullest sense of the term. A nationalist republic is therefore an unstable hybrid. It will either revert to monarchy or abandon the cult of "invidious prestige" which profits only the "kept classes."

Another unstable hybrid is the aggressive industrial community. Normally, industrial development requires a degree of general intelligence which should preclude barbaric aggressiveness, and a country which is not industrial is helpless in modern warfare. Ultimately power will be in the hands of the peaceful. But there is the possibility of an industrial development so sudden that it has no time to destroy the dynastic (national) prejudices. So in Germany and Japan fossil minds wielded the tremendous weapons of the machine age. Veblen was vaguely afraid that something of the kind might come to pass in the Russian Empire. And perhaps it has.

The chief problem which the book raised in my mind was: "What is a country going to do with its Veblens?" Let them clamor, or mumble, in the wilderness? The practical men ignored Veblen thirty years ago and are ignoring him today. I do not suggest that he should have been made Secre-

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tary of State or Secretary of Commerce; he could not manage his own life, could hardly manage his classroom. But men who have the first vision of a bridge, railroad, or canal might be unable to drive a rivet or to boss a section gang. Even those who draw the blueprints might be inefficient laborers or foremen. Civilization means the subordination of practical activity to organized thinking, as Plato and Saint-Simon said long ago. Veblen, the lonely thinker, was the best "realist" of us all. We could have saved millions of lives and billions of dollars if we had heeded him. But we are still blinded by the two irrational forces against which he fought—prestige and greed, the gentleman and the profiteer. In this scientific age we still have meetings of the Big Three, tussling for power, prestige, and privilege in the best tradition of Frederick II, Bismarck, and Hitler. ALBERT GUÉRARD

Housing Headaches

BREAKING THE BUILDING BLOCKADE. By Robert Lasch. University of Chicago Press. $3.

IT WILL soon be open season for veterans' marches on Washington, and it looks as if housing, not bonuses, would be the bannerhead. Everybody with a stake in veteran support is buying a drum to beat out a housing tune, and even the American Legion has had to climb on the housing band-wagon to avoid being run over by it.

But marching for a bonus is one thing—the demand can be met by a simple act of Congress. The road to housing is a longer, more tedious journey down a difficult path thickly overgrown with waste, ineptitude, and monopoly. The veteran had better learn his objective and get a good guidebook before he starts his travels.

"Breaking the Building Blockade" is such a guidebook. Most of what it says has already been said in weighty and sober tracts on the subject, but an accomplished journalist has now put together the facts so the layman may understand and lament them. He will learn that housing shortages are neither Armageddon nor an act of God, that the reason for the house famine is that a lame building industry fumbles with nineteenth-century techniques in a twentieth-century environment, that our lower-income families remain slum bound because the cost of a home has been jacked up so high that even the average family can no longer afford one, that high land costs in the central sections of cities enforce new patterns of concentration and incipient blight, that interest rates on homes are still too high.

After setting forth the facts the author proceeds to battle with the obstacles. He concludes that building costs must be cut first, but that even then public subsidy will be needed. Houses, custom built today, must be produced in quantity and sold in carload lots. The government can help by buying large quantities of materials from the factories and reselling them at low cost to builders—as Sweden does and England plans to do.

Leadership, says Mr. Lasch, must come from the government, for it will not come from private enterprise. Such leadership must start with real enforcement of the anti-trust laws; here the building-trades unions are singled out for special dishonorable mention. The author joins those who

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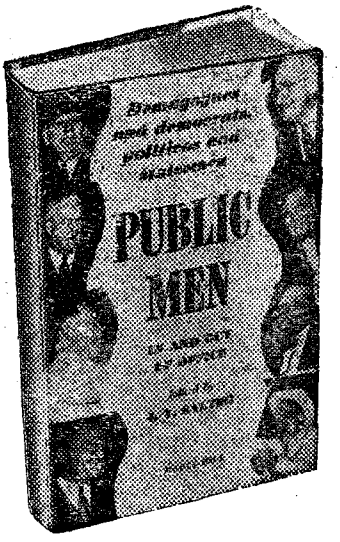

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think the goal in housing should be sought through indictment, overlooking the fact that labor disorders, like other kinks in the building structure, come primarily from chaos at the industry's entrepreneurial base, which must be reformed before any changes of real importance can be effected.

The author makes out a good case for subsidized housing and favors the production of 1,500,000 units a year for the next five years. He demands more alert local planning agencies, a master plan, and revision of building codes and of the property-tax system. For the rest he approves the policies now embodied in the Wagner-Ellender-Taft bill—urban redevelopment, yield insurance, lower interest rates on homes, and better housing research.

The book is a clear exposition of the housing problem. It is logical, sincere, and effective in its argument. There will be disagreement with its findings and conclusions, as there must be about any book on what is today America's No. 1 headache. One must criticize its failure to recognize that the pent-up demand for the housing of 60,000,000 people in the next ten years presents us with the choice of rebuilding America's cities or of stratifying the existing obsolete patterns for generations ahead. The author, however, seems not to have made up his mind whether private or public enterprise should have the main share of the job. His doubt may be due to a confusion over the meaning of private and public enterprise in housing, for private housing has tended to become increasingly public through government underwriting of risk and the steady elimination of any private stake. Public-housing operations, in fact, are more private than many of the "private" operations. It is no longer easy to zone private and public housing into compartments; the "middle way, the way of mixed public and private enterprise," to which the author refers, has become more mixed up than mixed. If this point had been clarified in his able presentation, his remedies might have been more direct and constructive. CHARLES ABRAMS

BRIEFER COMMENT

Labor: Early American

THE STORY of American labor in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—that is, before the emergence of the working class as an articulate political force—has not up to this time engaged the full attention of historians. Dr. Richard B. Morris's massive work, "Government and Labor in Early America" (Columbia, $6.75), thus throws significant new light upon the status and activities of workingmen in the first two centuries after settlement. The book is based on a careful and exhaustive study of contemporary materials—newspapers, travelers' accounts, letterbooks, diaries, military order books, business papers—and in particular on the relatively unexploited resources of the inferior-court records of the American colonies. After sketching the background in mercantilist thought, Dr. Morris proceeds to a comprehensive account of the conditions of free and bound labor—terms of employment, evidences of concerted action among workers, and government regulation of wages and labor relations. His occasional attempts to draw parallels between, say,

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colonial price-fixing and the OPA probably add little to our understanding of either, but they do not detract seriously from a book distinguished by its lucid and fully documented exploration of an important but hitherto obscure section of our history. ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

A Narrow Fortune

NED WARD WAS A HACK JOURNALIST who wrote in the earliest part of the eighteenth century. He is mentioned once in Pope's "Dunciad," and his name has been kept alive by innumerable historians of manners who have cited his works as evidence concerning the low life of the period. Howard William Troyer's "Ned Ward of Grub Street" (Harvard, $3.50) is the first full-length book ever devoted to him and will probably be the last—partly because it is painstaking and competent, partly because its subject hardly deserves fuller treatment. If Ward were living today he would probably be a gossip columnist. His best-known work, "The Spy," is a serial account in prose and verse of the author's wanderings through the more unsavory parts of the metropolis, but he was a voluminous writer of descriptions and "characters." Though his playful, hectoring style seldom if ever rises to anything near the level of literature, he nevertheless frequently builds upon a solid substratum of observation. Of himself he said, "The condition of an Author, is much like that of a Strumpet—a Narrow Fortune hath forc'd us to do that for our Subsistance, which we are much asham'd of." Mr. Troyer's book, which includes a lengthy biography of the subject's writings, will be very useful to scholars who for one reason or another need to find their way about in Ward's work.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

A Fairly Official War

"BATTLE REPORT, THE ATLANTIC WAR," by Captain Walter Karig (Rinehart, $3.50), has all the merits and demerits that, considering its provenance, one might expect it to have. It is the second volume of a series initiated by Secretary Knox, who was not without experience in journalism, and it has been prepared from official sources. Its information is exact and abundant; its over-all view of the war is authoritative. The objective brevity with which the navy makes its citations has been enlivened by a freer narrative style and a racy colloquialism of language. There are plentiful dashes of humor. The book concentrates on description of action rather than on strategic exposition, but for those whose interest is in the future of naval and military power it is none the less an important book.

The non-service reader is bound to have mixed reactions to "Battle Report." At times it is choked with detail, much of which seems to have been included merely to satisfy naval tradition. The constant identification of officers, the generous attention paid to the action of minor units frequently destroy any continuity; and the intention of the book, to describe action within a valid framework of strategic and tactical reference, is sometimes frustrated by the sheer profusion of reports that are in themselves excellent.

RALPH BATES

Carey McWilliams

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FICTION IN REVIEW

A WONDERFUL contemporary subject which, so far as I know, has never been explored with either true seriousness or true humor in our fiction is American revolutionary politics. This is not to say that there have not been novels in which the radical movement has played a part. But it has been a hero's part, written quite out of scale to reality. The portraits have been so idealized that where the truth has appeared at all, it has been entirely by accident, clearly without the author's knowledge or approval. As a catalyst of important emotions, or as the arena of major moral conflicts, or even as the source of high comedy, the American revolutionary movement seems to have been consciously avoided by our writers—and one can understand why. After all, anyone who has been sufficiently close to the American Communist Party or our Communist dissident groups to know both their tragic and comic possibilities has probably been too closely involved to want to use them as fictional themes. Then, too, in dealing with radical politics, there is always the danger that one's revelations will be appreciated by the wrong people, or for the wrong reasons.

Now Eleanor Clark has dared somewhat to break through this prevalent inhibition. "The Bitter Box" (Doubleday, $2.50) is a serious, funny, and truthful picture of Communist doings in this country, and therefore a work of courage; but one could wish that it had carried its daring to the point of actually naming its parties, newspapers, and magazines, instead of clouding them in anonymity or pseudonymity. Miss Clark's novel is also—I should say at once—a work of unquestionable moral-political taste. If the "class enemy"—or does this concept perhaps no longer obtain among the people who first taught us our scrupling?—can take any comfort from Miss Clark's frank admission that the party doesn't always honor its financial obligations, or that every switch in tactics finds a couple of thousand comrades thrown back on their heels, or even that a not too thoughtful generosity in the direction of the proletariat is often matched by a not too thoughtful sexual generosity, then the Communists have only themselves to blame. Miss Clark has some good fun at the party's expense, but she never stretches the truth to make a joke. There is no malice in her comic revelations. And she manages, without a touch of piousness, to convey her own sorrow that the radical situation is as she reports it.

But if the best sections of "The Bitter Box" are its sections of Communist satire, the book as a whole cannot be fairly described as a satire. For satire is the most open avenue available to the naturalistic novelist, and Miss Clark's story, like Mr. Temple, the little bank clerk who is its central character, has the largest part of its life under wraps. Despite its precision of naturalistic detail—and what an eye Miss Clark has for the split seams and minds of the comrades!—"The Bitter Box" is predominantly abstract and mysterious, shadowy with the suggestion not only of unnamed political forces but also of unnamed literary purposes. One has the sense, throughout, of standing with its author at a significant remove from its material—the remove of a semi-symbolistic method.

For instance, there is the abstractness of Miss Clark's little hero. Mr. Temple is one of those adding-machine people, automatons of efficiency and fear, who are so frequently isolated as the typical product of our civilization. "The Bitter Box" opens on a fine spring day with Mr. Temple walking out of his bank cage, a trapped man. Moved by a series of highly fortuitous, if not improbable, influences, the bank clerk becomes a revolutionary. He steals for the party, he is ready to kill for the party, he is betrayed by the party, he has his eyes opened by the party. The novel ends on a bleak winter day when, having learned something of both the "Cordiall and Corrosive" in "the bitter box" of life, Mr. Temple is free to be trapped by normal circumstance—to be out of a job, to be hungry, cold, and ill-clad, to be confusedly in love. The biography is a touching one; Miss Clark projects her central figure from the heart. But his motivations are so haphazard, his history is developed with so little regard for the logic of character, that it is as if he had been designed to accompany a story rather than to have a story grow out of him. He is not a created person but a poetic device, like meter. Novelistically speaking, he fails to explode for us—and consequently the whole book carries its charge, even its satiric charge, largely unexploded.

The basic conception of "The Bitter Box" strongly reminds me of Henry James's revolutionary novel, "The Princess Casamassima." In both books there is a small hero who lives on the outside of the world of adventure and love and big hopes; in both, this world of possibility is entered by way of the radical movement; and in both, the life of promise is no sooner apprehended by the hero than it is materially denied him. Miss Clark's novel, like James's, is a tragedy of growth. But what particularly strikes me in comparing the two books—and the comparison is made neither to be pressed nor to be invidious: Miss Clark's story is deeply grave, for all its humor, and deeply passionate, for all its refusal to announce its passions—is the limitlessness of meaning that can be achieved by the naturalistic novel, as opposed to the limitation put upon meaning by the abstract or semi-abstract novel. As I understand the purpose of symbolic fiction, or the purpose of any assimilation into fiction of the genius of poetry, it is to add another dimension to naturalistic story-telling. But actually it seems to me that abstraction often achieves the contrary effect—that instead of opening out the novel's boundaries of reference it restricts them, that instead of adding new meanings to the novel it robs it of many of its old ones. Comparing the method of "The Bitter Box" with the method of "The Princess Casamassima" is for me like comparing the blank whiteness on a canvas of Mondrian's to the white of a tablecloth painted by Chardin. There is still so much white in tablecloths that has never been painted that Mondrian's dead-white spaces seem an unnecessary retreat rather than an advance from Chardin. And similarly, in Miss Clark's abstraction of Mr. Temple surely more has been taken away from Henry James's Hyacinth than has been added to him. There is still so much to be written out of the traditional powers of observation and insight which Miss Clark has at her command but which she has evidently ceased either to trust or to respect.

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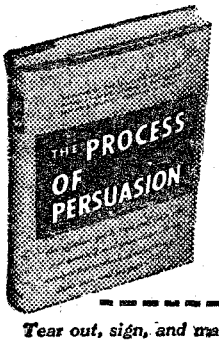

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Films

JAMES AGEE

AFTER the late Wendell Willkie returned from his trip around the world, I felt that his sincerity was entirely to be respected. Before the trip I am sure he was as sincere as he knew how to be, but the meaningfulness of the sincerity seemed measurable in the kind of Jackie Cooper pout he used for the more "human" moments in his speeches. I respect the sincerity of "From This Day Forward" just about as much, neither denying nor decrying it, but believing it has a lot to learn. "From This Day Forward" is a story about young married love up against the worst that a bad economic system can do and send an audience home comfortable. Its message seems to be that in the long run ardor and courage—neither of which is seriously embarrassed by any difficulties—will hold their fort, and better.

Movies so seldom even try to be honest or sympathetic about such problems of working-class life as -n-mpl-ym-nt, sh-lt-r, and b-b--s that the least one can do is to honor the attempt with further honesty. In this intention I must regret two kinds of miscarriage of sincerity which between them use up most of the film. One kind is most fully represented by Joan Fontaine as the wife. Quite aside from her efforts to be at once a serious actress and a fan-magazine star, she has, for all her good intentions, about the understanding of her role that an heiress might have who was advised by her analyst to take up social work in order to work off her guilt about her income. The other kind is best embodied in bits by a resentful intellectual who slaps some books off a counter, and by the clerk at an orange-drink stand who sharply communicates the meanness and snobbery with which members of the same class can treat each other. Both bits, like an ugly scene in court, are neat and authentic beyond the picture's ability to communicate more pleasant aspects of underprivileged city life; yet all three, I feel, are false in their own way. They supplant the unrealism of most movies with a slick kind of pseudo-realism, rather special to New York, which has been most clearly developed in the less good mannerisms of the Group Theater and in the more serious *New Yorker* stories. "From This Day Forward" is an unusually serious and respectable film, but very little in it is free from one or the other of these kinds of falseness.

"Deadline at Dawn," a melodrama about an ingenuous sailor's effort to clear himself of murder, is Harold Clurman's direction of a script by Clifford Odets. Some of Clurman's direction is pure stage—some of which comes through very well; some of Odets's writing is pure ham. At its worst the picture is guilty of worse pseudo-realism and pseudo-poetry about the lost little people of a big city than the poorest things in "From This Day Forward." But on the whole I think it is a likable movie. Odets apparently cannot either separate his weakness and strength or greatly change their proportions, but even in this rather pretentiously unpretentious little job the strength is there; he is obviously one of the very few genuine dramatic poets alive. And his good bits, to say nothing of his bad, are handled competently by Susan Hayward, disarmingly by Bill Williams, and beautifully by Paul Lukas.

"The Green Years" has been described in the ads as "wonderful" by practically everybody within Louis B. Mayer's purchasing power except his horses; so I hesitate to ask you to take my word for it: the picture is awful. I know: it is made with all the loving care that an Idaho housewife puts into a first novel that is going to win the Grand Prize at Biarritz; Shakespeare can never have been a thousandth as high-minded. I know: it deals with large, grave, stylish matters of religious faith, etc., in a manner to make me want to turn the handiest penitential novena into a five-alarm call for the vice squad. I know: it is stuffed to the scalp and well beyond with "characters," all of Dickensian proportions if only A. J. Cronin were Dickens and if only Dickens were writing soap opera. I know too, to my misery, that this must have been regarded, around the Metro lot, as a great and disinterested dedication to art, and it is no pleasure to sneer at those who so regarded it. But until a worse example comes along, this one will serve very nicely as an apotheosis of all that has gone most deadly wrong with movies since the people with the money learned to believe that the medium could aspire to what is printed on slick paper, and could read it right side up, even without illustriations.

(Note: In my review of "Open City" Einstein should have read Eisenstein, and "shammed operatic fury of design" should have read "slammed," etc. The

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misspelling of "illustrations," here, is intentional.)

"Devotion" is a story about the Brontë sisters, about whom I know little. By what little I know, I gather that they might have served as basis for a very good movie. Whether it would be more or less faithful to fact than this one, I care only this much: that here faithfulness to essential truth—that is, truth of mood and psychology—might have exceeded even the best dramatic imagination. So far as I know, this film is reasonably faithful to non-essential truth; it is also about as vapid, considering the subject matter, as you—or rather, they—could possibly imagine. The drunken brother Branwell carries some hint of the force the truth might have had. Charlotte, almost purely fictional in characterization, is the only roundly realized human being in the show. I know nothing about the authenticity of Odette Myrtil, in her small role as the wife of the Brussels schoolmaster, but in relation to the rest of this film she is like a court dagger dismembering a tomato surprise.

Destruction sickens, but less than I do, as I move on to Walt Disney's "Make Mine Music." I try to realize that it is a perfectly harmless, innocent, proficient, appropriate attempt to set several pieces of popular music, but that helps my sense of proportion little if at all. I know that much of the best in Disney's films comes of his ruralness, and I respect it. But toward some aspects of rural taste the best I can muster is a polite but nauseated smile. Of such, this picture is a reasonably definitive anthology. There is an infinitely insulting animation of a hill-billy ballad which I cannot doubt that many hill-billys will love, a fact which grieves me all the more because I have hill-billy blood myself. There is a friendly number about adolescent lovers of corrupted jazz which forces me to suspect that, next to a really thorough chain reaction, the best hope of the human race lies in segregation of the sexes up to the age of perhaps ninety. There are "pretty" numbers which in their aptness toward the rural aesthetic instinct which Tolstoy venerated make such classics as "A Reading from Homer," "Hope," "The Country Doctor," "A Little Bit o' Heaven," "The End of the Trail," and tinted photographs of Aunt Eula and the Grand Canyon look as contemptibly inaccessible, to the pure in heart, as Van Gogh prior to his Department Store period. I realize that Disney and his associates must have aimed for this kind of charm with a good deal of honest affection, and I am in part taken in by it, not only as a record and achievement but also through my own less honest affection for the tacky; but to use an over-used word, my affection for the tacky is highly ambivalent. So absorbingly so, that I almost neglected to mention that there is also enough genuine charm and imagination and humor in the film to make up perhaps one good average Disney short.

Records

B. H. HAGGIN

ONE of Victor's outstanding April releases is the great *Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin?* from Beethoven's "Fidelio," performed by Toscanini with Bampton and the N. B. C. Symphony (11-9110; $1). Bampton's singing—better than what she did at the broadcast, but somewhat shrill in the upper range—is heard in an orchestral context that is characteristic in its organic coherence and dramatic power. The lack of standardization in recording practice that I have spoken of before is evident in this record: the power which the performance has on the first side is vastly reduced by recording which seems to move the orchestra and singer some distance back and deprive the orchestra of distinctness, of body, and therefore of impact. And even on the first side there is a hole where certain important sounds of the first horn should be, just before the words *Komm Hoffnung, lass den letzten Stern.*

Toscanini's other April recording with the N. B. C. Symphony (Set 1038; $4.85) makes one weep—over his waste of his own time and gifts in performing Grofé's "Grand Canyon Suite" in a broadcast concert; over his further waste of what was involved in recording it; and over the waste on rubbish of the marvelously beautiful recording that, in effect, was achieved by previous trial and error with Toscanini's performances of Beethoven.

It is good to have a recording of Prokofiev's magnificent "Scythian Suite" (Set 1040; $3.85); but it isn't good to have one in which the music is blurred throughout by the reverberation which Victor's engineers kept from blurring the Defauw-Chicago Symphony recordings of "Céphale et Procris" and "The Birds."

Whereas the "Scythian Suite" is the work of a young man bursting with imagination, energy, and ideas, Prokofiev's recent Piano Sonata No. 7, like the recent Symphony No. 5, sounds like the work of a man whose long experience enables him to start the apparatus of his technique working and to keep it going when he hasn't a real idea in his head. It has a "modern" first movement that makes no sense to me, a sugary second movement that makes no sense in connection with the first, and a concluding explosion of motor energy in rapid *ostinato* figuration that builds up to a terrific conclusion. The work is the occasion for breath-taking playing by Horowitz that is marvelously reproduced (Set 1042; $2.85).

I no longer remember how the music of Stravinsky's "Song of the Nightingale" impressed me when I heard it with its stage action at the Metropolitan almost twenty years ago; but by itself it is, I find, a bore. Goossens's performance with the Cincinnati Symphony (Set 1041; $3.85) seems excellent; and its recorded sound is very good with a wide-range Brush pickup, but less bright and clear with a limited-range Astatic Tru-Tan, which also increases the distortion of the sound on side 2 of my copy. Lack of standardization in recording

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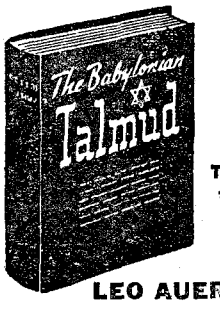

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practice is evident again on the sixth side, where the same orchestra's performance of Chabrier's "Marche joyeuse" is clouded to the point of unintelligibilty by reverberation.

To turn for the moment to the Columbia releases that have arrived thus far—they include a Handel Concerto in D major, with some lovely and grand music that is made huge by Ormandy's arrangement, his performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra, and the sonorous recording (12280-D; $1); Rachmaninov's Piano Concerto No. 2, so badly recorded that it is impossible to evaluate anything in the performance by Gyorgy Sandor with the New York Philharmonic under Rodzinski except the mannered and sentimentalized piano phrases that can be heard occasionally when the orchestra is quiet (Set 605; $4.85); and Rachmaninov's "Isle of the Dead," well-performed by Mitropoulos with the Minneapolis Symphony, and well-recorded (Set 599; $3.85) (Koussevitzky's faster pace is, I think, preferable; and the more beautiful sound of the Boston Symphony is also more beautifully blended and sumptuous on the Victor records).

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Tortuous Animadversion

Dear Sirs: Mr. Greenberg's tortuous animadversion on the subject of Edward Weston's retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is, I fear, another shameless demonstration of the art critic talking—and talking obliquely—through his beret.

Mr. Greenberg sits as an oracle, audacious enough to tell photography what it ought to be. And what is that? "Let photography be 'literary.' " I quote his final sentence.

Now let us examine Mr. Greenberg's devious route to this conclusion. He points out that "modern photography, eschewing the blurred or retouched effects by which it used to imitate painting, has decided to be completely true to itself." But then he complains because photographers, using the medium as it should be used, in its crystalline clarity of detail, are selecting the wrong subject matter! Since when is the artist to be told what is or is not proper subject matter for him?

Specifically, Mr. Greenberg does not like Edward Weston's photographs because, as he puts it, Weston "has followed modern painting too loyally in its reserve toward subject matter," and because "he has succumbed to a combination of the sharp focus, infallible exposure, and unselective atmosphere of California." The first reason is meaningless, and I leave the reader to figure out how the atmosphere of California can be unselective.

Mr. Greenberg complains also that Weston concentrates too much of his interest on his medium. This is a ridiculous statement in view of the well-known simplicity of Weston's direct photographic approach to his subject matter. Mr. Greenberg fails to discern that what appears to him as concentration on the medium is in fact intense concentration on subject matter, which is exactly what makes Weston's work explicitly clear and luminous. It is precisely this concentration which produces the aesthetic pleasure to be derived from his photographs. Weston has seen powerfully into the form and texture of his subjects and has succeeded in showing them forth in his prints. In them we see peppers, cabbages, shells, sand dunes, and so on in a way we have never seen them before.

Is it not presumptuous to tell an artist what he is to concern himself with? And to say that photography should be literary is as ridiculous a statement as any art critic has made in the last century. Doesn't Mr. Greenberg know that photography went through its literary period in the 1850's, and doesn't he know that it was photography's most disgraceful period? In his decree that photography should be "literary" I assume, of course, that he means Marxian literature, since he doubtless would be in a frightful tizzy were some photographer to take him literally and choose non-Marxian literature as his aesthetic gospel.

In simple point of fact photography should be photography, painting, painting, literature, literature—all these facets of the one organic whole, art.

BRUCE DOWNES, Eastern Editor,
Popular Photography

New York, March 15

Superb Criticism

Dear Sirs: I am moved to send a few words of praise for Mr. Greenberg's superb piece of criticism headed The Camera's Glass Eye (*The Nation* for March 9).

I once had occasion, now pretty clearly inadvised, to take sharp issue with Mr. Greenberg's criticism via a similar letter to *The Nation*. Ever since I wrote that letter I have had to admit to myself after reading his pieces of criticism that it must have been some gastro-intestinal upset bothering me that morning. And I've never bothered to check back over my old *Nations*—to check up on Mr. Greenberg, that is—for fear of proving myself wrong.

At any rate, this is to say that the camera piece is, to my mind, a *real* piece of criticism, well thought out, and proving to me once again that Mr. Greenberg is one of the few men in this country gifted to write art criticism.

GEORGE COLE

Minersville, Cal., March 16

In Rebuttal

Dear Sirs: Mr. Downes's and my differences amount in the end to the fact that he enjoys looking at Edward Weston's photographs much more than I do.

When an artist gets bad results from the subject matter he handles right now, it is permissible to suggest that he

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change his subject matter, or his way of treating it. One certainly had a "right" to tell the painter David, at the time, to stop illustrating incidents from Plutarch and do more work from nature as he saw it around him. In this case the justification for one's "right" to tell the artist what to do lies in David's portraits, which are so much superior to his historical paintings.

Simplicity or transparency of approach does not exclude overemphasis upon approach. It may be that Weston concentrates so much upon seeing his cabbages and sand dunes clearly that he forgets to feel them. More feeling for them would perhaps have prevented them from disappearing, as they do, into mere objects of "clear and luminous" vision.

As for "Marxian literature"—I think Mr. Downes has only the slightest notion of what he means by that. I hesitate to offend his intelligence by saying what most people would think he means. Aside from that, he has no basis whatsoever for assuming that I wish to prescribe any particular sort of subject matter to any art. True, I may be a Socialist, but a work of art has its own ends, which it includes in itself and which have nothing to do with the fate of society. CLEMENT GREENBERG

New York, April 1

Citizenship Camp

Dear Sirs: A recruiting campaign has just been launched for two hundred young men and women of varying races, creeds, and social and economic background, who are outstanding in their community's civic and social affairs, to participate in the "Encampment for Citizenship"—a practical workshop on citizenship sponsored by the American Ethical Union as part of its seventieth-anniversary program.

Opening on July 1 at the fourteen-acre Fieldston School in Riverdale, New York, for a six-week period, the "Encampment for Citizenship" is a five-

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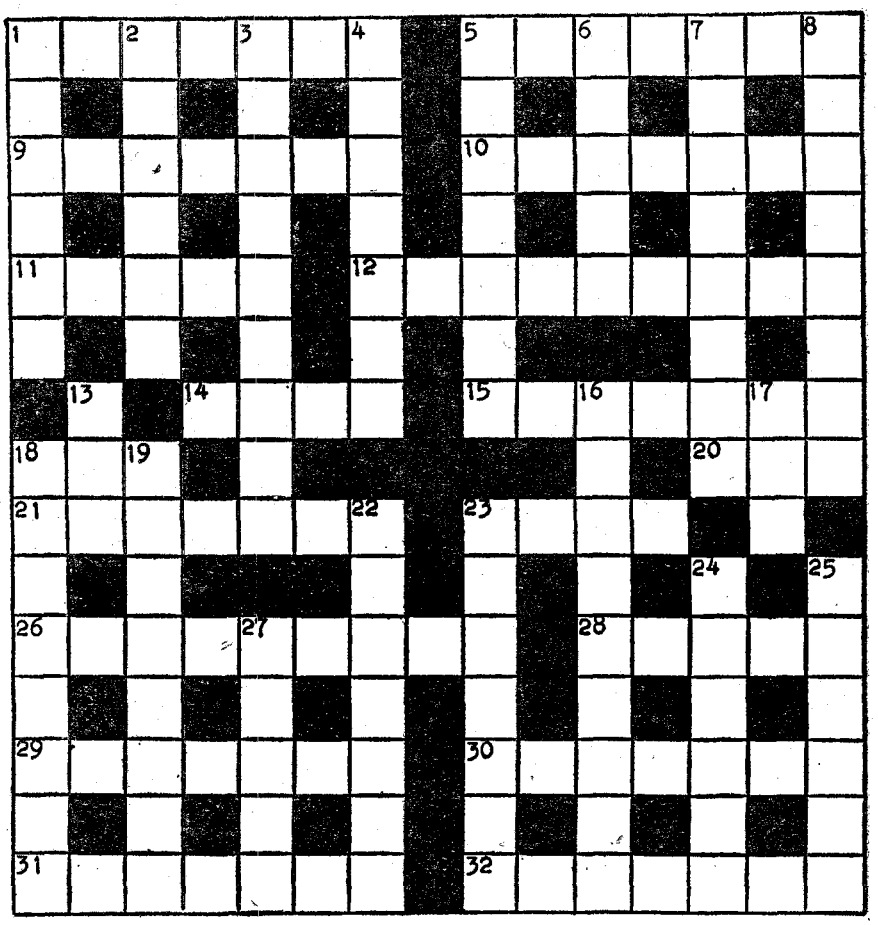
Musical Program:
PHILIPPA DUKE SCHUYLER, *Pianist*
Wednesday, May 1 Henry Hudson Hotel
6:30 P.M. 353 West 57th Street
Dinner Reservations at $3.50 per plate from
SOCIALIST PARTY
303 4th Avenue, N. Y. C. GR. 5-6582

Crossword Puzzle No. 158

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 Vera and pal in conference
5 Cattle puncher
9 Spear formerly hurled by infantry and cavalry
10 Actor's word for dramatic criticisms
11 He has the mind of a child of eight, if that
12 She would have to climb to sit beside her husband
14 Androclus befriended one, and one in turn befriended Androclus
15 Obviously not tough guys
18 See 18 Down
20 "The lads and lassies in their best Were dressed from top to ---"
21 Unlike violinists, they fit the strings to their bows
23 Shaw's retort when told Sugar and Sumac were the only "su" beginnings in English having the "shu" sound
26 The ant it is before the bullock in countering poisonous ptomaine
28 The one who sees you off seems to hesitate
29 Lighten
30 Frenchman who enabled the blind to read
31 Parents (anag.)
32 Revolting upheavals

DOWN

1 Am a Jap (anag.)
2 "But love is blind, and ------ cannot see The pretty follies they themselves commit"
3 Lovers' go-between, and a lover himself
4 Dutchman who discovered X-rays
5 Can stamps be taken for sweetmeats? They can
6 He has wit both tough and flexible
7 Cat cried (anag.)
8 Deal out in doses
13 Go wrong
16 Shouts a warning with oaths on the golf course?
17 Age that upsets one
18 With 18 Across, a character in Sheridan's *Rivals* noted for her blundering use of words
19 Runs away (with a sinking feeling, sailor?)
22 A sweet age
23 The Western American nightshade (4 and 3)
24 No lava in this earthly paradise, as you will see if you look it up
25 Our gridiron cities which we think so modern were known to them 2,200 years ago!
27 Well, there it is!

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 157

ACROSS:—1 MOVER; 4 CONCH; 7 ASPASIA; 10 FIRST; 11 RARER; 12 EELPOUT; 13 ABUT; 16 GALE; 18 KNEAD; 20 NAILED; 21 NUTMEG; 22 BATTLE; 24 FIGARO; 25 SATIN; 26 AXLE; 28 SAKI; 31 TINTACK; 33 LINDA; 34 IVIED; 35 NUDISTS; 36 STEAK; 37 SALTS.

DOWN:—1 MAFIA; 2 VIRTU; 3 RATE; 4 CART; 5 NORMA; 6 HORSE; 8 POLAND; 9 SLOGAN; 15 THISTLE; 16 GIMBALS; 17 LOGBOOK; 18 KEELS; 19 DUPIN; 23 EARNED; 24 FINALS; 26 ATLAS; 27 LANCE; 29 ARIEL; 30 INDUS; 31 TANK; 32 KISS.

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at the ELIZABETH IRWIN HIGH SCHOOL
40 Charlton St., N. Y. C.
Speakers: Harold W. Thompson, Ben. A. Botkin, Herbert Halpert, Alan Lomax, Margot Mayo, Ruth Rubin, Svatva Pirkova Jakobson, Pete Seeger.
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PROFESSOR owns Maine Island, two cottages, will rent one suitable three persons for summer, $250. Sailing, fishing, swimming, nearby college library. Box 1596, c/o The Nation.

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WORKING MOTHER needs apartment or rooms for herself and two daughters, 7 and 5, preferably where children will be cared for until mother returns from work. Have been separated for year because of no place to live. GR. 7-1466, Room 701, 8 to 10 p.m.

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GOOD 8-room house; two baths; steam heat; 3 acre lawn; splendid trees; tenant house with bath. All for $6,000. Immediate. Phone evenings collect Berkshire Farm Agency, Chatham, N. Y., for appointment.

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year plan which each year will bring together two hundred youths from seventeen to twenty-two years of age in a program of self-government and cooperative living.

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Henry B. Herman, a veteran social worker and educator, is executive director of the "Encampment for Citizenship." On the advisory committee are Eleanor Roosevelt, Albert Einstein, John Dewey, David S. Muzzey, and others.

ALGERNON D. BLACK,
New York Society for Ethical Culture
New York, April 2

Help Wanted

Dear Sirs: I am writing a doctor's thesis on the life of the late Harold Frederic, 1856-98, noted author of the Mohawk valley and London correspondent of the New York *Times*.

I would be grateful if anyone could advise me of the whereabouts of his descendants or of letters by him or material about him.

Needless to say, any manuscripts lent will be carefully preserved and promptly returned. ARMIN KELLNER
Albany, N. Y., April 1

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